

THE CRITIC

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The Lounger

LOVERS of literature were shocked to read in the daily papers on March 26th that the home of Mr. Julian Hawthorne at Yonkers on the Hudson had been partly destroyed by fire the day before, and that a number of the manuscripts of his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, had been reduced to "pulpy masses" by the water used in extinguishing the flames. Among the MSS. that escaped the more devouring of the two elements, only to be injured by the other, one read, were "The Scarlet Letter," "The Blithedale Romance," "Septimius Felton," "The Marble Faun," and "Twice-Told Tales." The narrow escape of such priceless literary treasures was enough to make the public gasp. Needless to say, the owner received some very urgent letters bearing the same date as that of the newspaper reports; and one of his correspondents received a reply that showed how gullible he had been in assuming the correctness of a statement merely because he had seen it in print—the joke of the matter being that he himself was a veteran journalist. Mr. Hawthorne's answer—which I publish by the writer's permission—ran as follows:

"It was kind of you to sympathize with my adventure; and in return I

hasten to say that nothing of national importance was involved in the event. Only my own belongings underwent the chastening of fire. None of my father's manuscripts were in the house; and most of the other family heirlooms were either saved quite, or with trifling damage. There were few of them left, anyhow. As for 'The Scarlet Letter' MS., it was destroyed about fifty-six years ago, by the negligence of our late friend, James T. Fields, who forgot to rescue it from the printers. The other books are owned by various friends of the family, and are beyond any ordinary danger of destruction. My own personal books, clothes, pictures, rugs, chairs, and tables, and other plunder, suffered, as such things will, under the attack of the elemental forces; and perhaps it is better to own nothing than to be anxious about the things one owns. Of course, for the first time in ten years, the insurance had been allowed to lapse, but my faith in insurance had been shaken by the revelations of the past few months; so that is all right, too."

Shortly after the death of Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar, the colored poet, the

following announcement appeared in the *Evening Post* of this city:

Among the bright galaxy of intellectual Stars in bronzed American literature, none have touched the hearts of all people and reached a more conspicuous position in belles-lettres than Mr. Dunbar. In order to perpetuate his memory and retain his genius in the minds of the young men of his race, we submit the following appeal to all men in general and young colored men in particular.

An appeal to young colored men throughout the United States:

—OBJECT—

The Erection of a Monument to
PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

By Francis H. Moore, Temporary Manager.

Our hero is fallen,—
The great Dunbar is gone,—
His Lyrics are our heritage,
Then why should we mourn?
The noble thought
That inspires my pen,
Is,—to raise a Monument,—
To him,— among men.

Temporary President, Mr. J. H. Battles, No. 419
34th St., Chicago, Ill.

Temporary Treas., Mr. Geo. Sylvester, No. 836
Courtland Ave., New York (Bronx).

Temporary Secretaries, Mr. R. M. Winfrey, Mr.
Harry Tibbs, No 853 Morris Ave., New York City.

Persons benevolently interested and desiring plan
of action will communicate with any of the above
named temporary officers. A date for meetings in
New York and Chicago will be announced later.

The object is an admirable one, and
THE LOUNGER wishes it every success.

A new novel by Rudyard Kipling is an event in the world of letters. It has been a long time since Mr. Kipling has given us a story that could be called a novel, for "Kim" was published five years ago. The new story is called "Robin Goodfellow and his Friends" and will be published first serially. Just how much the story has to do with our old friend Robin Goodfellow, I do not know. I imagine, however, that the name is the only thing about the story that smacks of long ago.

I wonder how many times Mr. S. S. McClure has said that he was going to start a new magazine. It seems to me

I have heard something of this sort every year. About four years ago I met him in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel and he told me about a new magazine he was going to start. A few weeks ago I met him in front of the Bartholdi Hotel and he told me about a new magazine he was going to start. I reminded him that he had told me a similar story several years before, but he said that he meant it this time, and that he could not back out if he wanted to, as he had ordered type, bought paper, and made the various contracts. The new magazine was to be five cents a copy, and I really believe that when Mr. McClure told me that he was going to publish it he meant every word that he said. But now I understand that he has again changed his mind, notwithstanding that he had gone so far as to make contracts for its publication.

Not for many years has Mrs. Burnett written a book that has made the sensation among its readers of "The Dawn of a To-morrow." When she took up her pen to write this story she was deeply engrossed in the writing of a novel which she considers her *magnum opus*; but the idea of "The Dawn of a To-morrow" seized her and would not be set aside. Work on the more ambitious story was postponed and the shorter story written almost under inspiration. Mrs. Burnett herself was a little sceptical as to its reception by the public, but her publishers were not. When she read the manuscript to them, which was, I believe, the way it had its first hearing, they were not only impressed by the story on its merits, but they were equally impressed with its popular value; and both of their impressions have proved prophetic. Mrs. Burnett has always written more or less "under inspiration." I do not mean that an angel from Heaven has come down and guided her hand; I merely mean that she does not write by any rule. She does not go to an office, as does Mr. Anthony Hope or Mr. Marion Crawford, for so many hours a day and write so many words within a

SARAH BERNHARDT

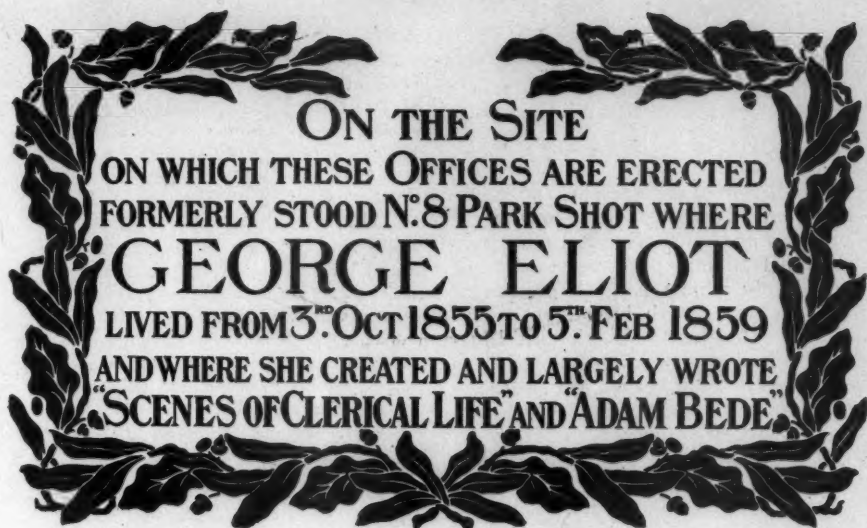


"THE DIVINE SARAH"

Sketched from life by Martha Duncan Beal
Mme. Bernhardt as she appeared in "La Tosca" to
an imaginative young artist



MRS. FISKE
as Leah Kleschna, recently seen at the Academy of Music, New York,
and now playing in Repertoire at the Manhattan Theatre



given time. She writes when the mood takes her, no matter what the time or place. Usually she sits on a footstool, or perhaps on a cushion, in front of the fire, with an old atlas on her knee, her pen flying over the pages at lightning speed, tossing the sheets on the floor as they are written, until sheer exhaustion compels her to stop.



A list of stories and poems that were written by their writers while in jail has just been published. I could suggest many other books that might have been written in jail if their authors had had their deserts in this world. In the dark ages when men were imprisoned for debt there were a great many authors behind the bars. It was as a debtor that Leigh Hunt wrote "Rimini." It was in jail that Mr. W. T. Stead did some of his best journalistic work, though it was not for debt that Mr. Stead was incarcerated.



A volume of memoirs devoted to the early life of Tolstoy, compiled by one of his most intimate friends, with whom he has co-operated, will soon be published. M. Birukoff, the compiler, has also been assisted by the Countess

Tolstoy, who has given him the use of her unique collection of manuscripts, letters, diaries, etc. The book will be profusely illustrated, and will be followed by two further volumes, one dealing with Tolstoy's married life and career as a novelist, the other with the period following his spiritual awakening down to the present.



There has been a lively time among the Richmond (England) Board of Guardians all because of a tablet erected to the memory of George Eliot by an admiring fellow-countryman, Mr. W. H. Harland. One J. Cockram, a member of the Board, spoke out in meeting and declared himself distinctly against the erection of the tablet. I quote from the *Richmond and Twickenham Times*:

Mr. Cockram objected to the place where it was going to be put, because it could be seen there. If it was put in the coal cellar he would raise no objection. He objected because the name was not a proper one. Her real name was Marian Evans. The woman's early writings were against the laws and ordinances of this country and of Christian countries. She wrote against the marriage laws, and she put her writings into practice by living with a man whilst his wife was alive. As Guardians, they should not encourage women to unite with men without the marriage bond. After the life she

lived, he did not think a tablet in memory of her should be put in front of people who came for relief.

The more liberal-minded members of the Board prevailed and the tablet was erected.

The edition of George Eliot's "Romola" that Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company announce, is not to be published in Italian as I at first supposed. It is simply a new English edition of the text, edited with introduction and notes by Dr. Guido Biagi, and illustrated with 160 engravings belonging to his rare collection. Two other Italian books are announced for publication in the fall by this firm: a "History of Venice" by Pompeo Molmenti (a Roman Senator), in six volumes, with 250 illustrations—the first part in two volumes, "Venice in the Middle Ages," will be published in the fall; the second part in two volumes, "Venice in the Golden Age," will be published in the spring of 1907, and the third part "The Decadence of Venice," two volumes, will be issued in the fall of 1907—and "Byron in Italy," edited by Anna Bennesson McMahan, editor of "With Shelley in Italy" and "Florence in the Poetry of the Brownings," will also be ready in the fall of 1906.

Lady Henry Somerset, one of the leading lights of the W. C. T. U., who has done so much for the cause of temperance in England, has written a novel of modern London entitled "Under the Arch," which has just been published in this country. The story, while it has the attributes of the old-fashioned novel, is not lacking in modernity. Lady Henry is equally familiar with the "smart set" and the "submerged tenth." The time is during the Anglo-Boer War, and the principal figures include two soldiers, both in love with the same girl. One is killed at the front. A Socialist, naturally, plays an important part in the working out of the plot. Why, by the way, do the American publishers of the book call its author Lady Somerset? There is no such person.

T. W. H. writes from Cambridge, Mass.:

In Mr. Krehbiel's very interesting paper, "Letters of a Poet to a Musician," in the last [April] number of THE CRITIC, Mr. Krehbiel errs, I think, in assuming that the story of Rabiah originated with Mr. Hearn or that he found it "in the French." It is much more likely that he found it in Lyall's "Translations of Ancient Arabian Poetry," London, 1885, where it may be read on page 55; or, possibly, in the "Journal of the Oriental Society of Bengal," where Lyall's chapters were previously published. I am not aware that the story appeared later in *Harper's Bazaar* or that it was turned into a poem by Mr. Stoddard, as Mr. Krehbiel suggests. A metrical rendering of it by myself appeared, however, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1891; and afterwards in a volume of verses by myself and wife, entitled "Such as They Are," Boston, Roberts Bros., 1894.

SUSAN BROWNELL ANTHONY
1820-1906

She sleeps: Come, cover her with
mountain-flowers,
Who first drew breath where mighty
Greylock climbs;
Wild-service boughs, sweet-healing
elder-cymes,
Blossoms of ash that when a darkness
lowers
Suffice for whiteness, clematis whose
bowers
Hide singing birds, arbutus, creamy
limes
Compact of honey gathered in the
times
When thick rains fell,—as fall these
tears of ours.
Last bring the laurels: far and high
they thrive
Where Liberty her holy vigil keeps,
Dwelt with the snows and dared the
bolts of Jove,
To clothe with loveliness those
barren steepes.
A thousand years will Love, through
glen and grove,
Repeat: "Alas! how long—how late
she sleeps!"

AMANDA T. JONES.

Just as THE CRITIC was going to press the above lines were received from Kansas. Miss Jones wrote them out of the fulness of her heart.



Courtesy of The World's Work

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY

The first "assignment" that I ever received from a New York journal was given me by the late Susan B. Anthony. I walked into the office of *The Revolution*, then published from one of a row of houses on East 23d Street, now part of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. Miss Anthony was sitting in front of the fire when I entered her sanctum and asked to be allowed to do some reporting. "Have you ever done any reporting?" she asked. "No, never, but I can't begin younger," I replied rather pertly. She was kind and paid no attention to the pertness of my reply but said she would give me a chance, and thereupon sent me to report a woman suffragist meeting across the street. It would interest me to see that report to-day. I tried to make it dignified and at the same time "lively reading," but I am afraid that the combination was not successful. I never saw Miss Anthony from that day, but I shall never forget her kindness to one who was to her a stranger.

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Some twelve or fifteen portraits in chalk, by Mrs. Kate Rogers Nowell, were shown in April at the new Koppel galleries in 39th Street. The exhibit included the likenesses of several children, as well as a number of drawings made for reproduction in *THE CRITIC* and *The Outlook*. Mrs. Nowell's work is known best perhaps to the readers of the magazines, who have seen in her portraits of Mark Twain, Mrs. Edith Wharton, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, and the late Sir Henry Irving—to name but these few—how happy have been her attempts, not merely to present a vivid likeness, but to seize and portray the characteristics of the persons of note whom she has set herself to portray. It is hard to say in which she has succeeded best—her pictures of men, or those for which women have been her sitters; while many may prefer to her portraits of older people, whether in colors or in black and white, the charming pastels that reveal her skill in capturing the fugitive moods of childhood. Practice has

made her touch at once precise and facile, but patient study in Paris, in the studios of Georges Callot and L'Hermite, laid the foundations of a style which has become as individual as it is pleasing. Mrs. Nowell has of late years given attention also to the art of the miniaturist, for which she has a special aptitude.

22

K. G. W. writes from East Berkshire, Vermont:

I am so pleased to be able to get any sense out of a paragraph of Henry James that I cannot withhold my opinion concerning the one you quote in the "Lounger." To me it means simply that Mr. James thinks the American crowd does better at boots and teeth than at hats. This of course fails to express the delicate *nuances* of the thought; and although with the lack of subtle form there seems to be a lack of subtle significance, still it contains, I think, the nucleus of the paragraph. I am somewhat bewildered, however, by "the strikingly artless terms" in which "the people present their evidence of extreme consideration of the dental question." Is the reference to the broad and vulgar grins which might present such evidence, or is the artlessness shown by an excessive display of gold fillings—possibly even to gold-filled false teeth,—or does Mr. James mean only the public use of the tooth-pick? My imagination fails me here, and I really think there should have been another paragraph redolent of observation and culture elaborating this point. But on the whole the meaning seems fairly plain.

22

Although Anthony Hope's "Rupert of Hentzau" is an uncopyrighted book, the authorized edition has been printed twenty-two times. The authorized publishers think that Mr. Gibson's illustrations have had much to do with the popularity of their edition, which may be more of a compliment to Mr. Gibson than it is to Mr. Hope.

22

Mr. H. G. Wells—one of the few authors, by the way, whose Christian names are less familiar than their initials—is among us taking notes. Already, before visiting America, he has written a series of articles on what he knows of our future: he now crosses the sea to learn something of our pre-

sent. First of all, he has been surprised to find us so English—but I must avoid indiscreet anticipations, and confine myself to saying that if he has found New York like London, what will he do when he gets to Cambridge and Boston? whither he will have gone by the time these lines go to press. His friends here, new and old, have kept him busy ever since he landed: I doubt that he has lunched or dined alone since April 1st. His mail has found him at the Century Club, but he has wandered far beyond the confines of Clubland in studying social conditions in New York. Ellis Island has drawn him like a magnet; and under the wing of Mr. Steffens and Mr. Cahan he has observed the alien in his East Side café of a Sunday night. He is a keen observer, indisposed to draw on his imagination for his facts; and a delicate humorist, incapable of overlooking the human nature in the characters that embody his advanced ideas on social questions. As a literary artist and a sympathizer with the outcast and oppressed, he must shake hands very cordially with our own Mr. Howells.

22

The mother of Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Margaret Isabella Stevenson (in England a widow drops her husband's Christian name) has published a volume of "Letters from Samoa," a companion volume to "From Saranac and Marquesas and Beyond," that cover the period of her life in Samoa until the death of her son. These letters are not only valuable as records of Stevenson's life in the islands, but are remarkable for their literary quality, which shows that Stevenson came honestly by his gift for writing.

22

The appointment of Mr. Bliss Perry

to the Professorship of English Literature at Harvard is singularly appropriate. Mr. Perry is an admirable successor to Ticknor, Longfellow, and Lowell, who held the chair before him. It has been vacant for twenty years, ever since Lowell gave it up. Mr. Perry was from 1886 to 1893 Professor of English at Williams College, and from 1893 to 1899 Professor of English at Princeton. He has been an editor and writer ever since his graduation from Williams in 1881. He proved so worthy a successor of the many great men who have edited the *Atlantic* that there is no doubt of his proving a worthy successor to the



Courtesy of Messrs. Scribner's Sons

MRS. M. I. STEVENSON IN 1848

great men who have occupied the chair of English Literature at Harvard. That Mr. Perry will continue the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* is a matter of congratulation all round.



"MARK TWAIN" AS AN "AUTOMOBILIST"

Mark Twain does not think that phonetic spelling will ever be adopted, and he says, "I am as sorry as a dog for I do love revolutions and violence." If we had not Mr. Clemens's word for it that he loved revolutions and violence we would not believe it for there never was a milder-mannered man living. By the way, Mr. Clemens has just joined the ranks of abandoned farmers. He has bought a farm in the township of Redding, Conn., several miles from a railroad, on an elevation overlooking a beautiful farming country. Mr. Clemens has not yet seen the farm. He bought it on the description of a friend, Mr. Albert Bigelow Paine, and because he heard that the old house had four fireplaces in it. Perhaps he never will see it, for Mr. Clemens has a passion for buying real estate. At one time he had four large country places on his hands, though he was living in a rented house in New York.

Mr. William Hope Hodgson, whose name I regret to say is unfamiliar to

me, has written to *The Author* suggesting that as "poetry does not pay" poets might turn their talent to pecuniary account by writing epitaphs; in short, he proposes that "the poet should have equal chance with the sculptor in making beautiful the Last Abode." He goes even further and suggests that "in many cases the poet might well take the place of the sculptor, especially where the relatives of the dead are not of the wealthiest." Mr. Hodgson evidently is not aware that obituary or epitaph poetry is more of a drug in the market than any other sort. He need but refer to the mortuary columns of the *Philadelphia Ledger* to be assured of this. For a much less price than the poets of whom he writes could afford to take, the obituary notices and tombstones are liberally supplied. The late George W. Childs was humorously accused of writing these epitaphs himself. That this joke was without foundation is proved by the fact that the poetry mill of the *Ledger* still grinds.

Mrs. Felkin, better known by her maiden name, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, has written a new novel which is called "In Subjection," and deals, among other things, with the attitude of wives towards husbands. The publishers do not hint as to which belongs to the submerged half. In England it is said that the wives are in subjection, in America the husbands. Mrs. Felkin, being an Englishwoman, probably gives the English situation. Isabel Carnaby reappears in this book as a married woman, though the story is not a sequel to the author's first novel. In addition to Isabel Carnaby, Paul Seaton, Lord Wrexham, and one or two other characters from Mrs. Felkin's first novel appear in the pages of the new one. The scene is England, London and certain country houses being the background.

What is all this talk about an all-essay magazine? We have such a one; in fact, we have two; for what is the *North American Review* but an

all essay magazine? Then there is the able *International Quarterly* which is an all-essay magazine. The *Atlantic* is nearly all essay, but certainly the other two are entirely essay. Whether an all-essay magazine pays or not is a question I am not capable of determining. Only Messrs. Harper and Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Co. can give the facts as to the pecuniary success of these reviews. Apropos of essays it may be said in all truth that this particular form of literature has not been so popular in the last decade as it is to-day. A short time ago no one cared much about publishing essays. They liked them fifty years ago, but ten, fifteen, and twenty years ago they were supplanted by descriptive articles and fiction. But now nearly every magazine publishes one or more essays, and there are no more readable pages printed than those contributed to by the essayist. THE CRITIC has always made a feature of the essay and will continue to do so.

22

It seems to be quite a common thing nowadays for two or more members of the same family to be given over to the writing habit. There are the two Thurstons, for example, the two Wards, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and her husband, and the two Lees, Gerald Stanley and his wife Jennette, to mention but a few. In the latter case the wife writes fiction, the husband essays. Mrs. Lee has won several prizes with her short stories. She has written two or three novels, one, "Kate Wetherill," which, though it had not a very wide sale, made a profound impression. I know some people who take it almost as their Bible. Three other books of fiction go to her credit. "Uncle William," the latest, is a New England story, and it is New England that Mrs. Lee knows the best. She lives at Northampton, Mass., and is in some way connected with Smith College. Her new story is dedicated to her husband in these lines:

Let him sing to me
Who sees the watching of the stars above the
day,

Who hears the singing of the sunrise
On its way
Through all the night,
Who outfaces skies, outsings the storms.

Let him sing to me
Who is the sky-voice, the thunder-lover,
Who hears above the winds' fast-flying shrouds,
The drifted darkness, the heavenly strife,
The singing on the sunny sides of all the clouds
Of his own life.

23

The family of Mr. Richard Harding Davis is also a writing one. His father, the late L. Clarke Davis, was not only an editorial writer, but he was a writer of books. His mother, Rebecca Harding Davis, was a successful novelist before her son Richard was born, and she is still writing. One constantly finds her stories and essays



Courtesy of the Century Co.

JENNETTE LEE
(Mrs. G. S. Lee)

in the *Atlantic*, the *Independent*, and other periodicals. There is a Miss Nora Davis who writes novels, but she is not Mr. Richard Harding Davis's sister, who bears the same name.

Edward Carpenter, the English democratic author and poet, will soon publish through The Macmillan Company an account of his visits to the United States and Walt Whitman, 1877, and again in 1884. Carpenter has always been a great admirer of Whitman, and bears a curious resemblance to the good gray poet. In their views of life the two men were a good deal alike. Carpenter has lived on a small farm near Sheffield doing literary work, market gardening, sandal-making, and cultivating socialism as a side issue. He is not as much of a poet as



Courtesy of the Century Co.

MR. EDWARD CARPENTER

our own Walt, but he is a picturesque figure in English literature.

22

"Il Santo," by Antonio Fogazzaro, will be published in this country by Messrs. Putnam with the title "The Saint." The book is the literary sensation of the day in Italy, where thousands of copies have been sold and scores of lectures about it been delivered. The book is characterized as "neither a romance nor an essay,

but a mixture of the epic, the lyric, the didactic, and the mystic." The character of "the saint" is a modern John the Baptist, who stands for the people of Italy, and whose interview with Pope Pius X is the most discussed episode in the book. Fogazzaro is not an unbeliever at all, but a devout Catholic.

22

It is a curious fact that the author of the most typically American play of the past ten years is an Englishman. Mr. Charles Klein, whose play, "The Lion and the Mouse," has made the notable success of the season in New York, at the Lyceum Theatre, where it is now in its sixth month. Mr. Klein was born in London in 1867, and was educated at the North London College. Following the wish of his parents he began the study of law, but after a brief period abandoned it for the profession of writing. He came to America in 1882, and, attracted by the stage as a field for his writing ability, he became an actor so that he might study at close range the technique of the drama. His first play, "By Proxy," was produced in 1891 and ran for twelve weeks in Boston. Stimulated by this success, Klein decided to devote himself solely to playwriting. "Heartease" produced by Mr. Henry Miller, and "El Capitan," by Mr. DeWolfe Hopper, may be said to have established the author's status as a playwright and librettist. In recent years he has written "A Royal Rogue," for Mr. Jefferson de Angelis, "The Hon. John Grigsby," for Mr. Frank Keenan, and "The District Attorney," the latter one of his first plays to deal with politics, was produced by Mr. William A. Brady in New York some eight years ago. With Mr. Lee Arthur he collaborated on "The Auctioneer," in which Mr. David Warfield made his debut as a "star." Mr. Klein provided for this actor "The Music Master," one of the phenomenal successes of theatrical history, for it is now in its second year in New York with no abatement of its popularity. In his latest play, "The Lion and the Mouse," Mr. Klein has

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again treated the subject of politics, one for which he has a pronounced predilection. The latest play by the zines, her first poem having appeared in the *Century* when she was only seventeen. Mrs. Sill is a daughter of the



Photo by Schloss

MR. CHARLES L. KLEIN

Author of the "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Music Master," etc.

way has just been "novelized" by the author.



Louise Morgan Sill, whose first volume of poems, "In Sun and Shade," was published by the Harpers on April 4th, is already widely known through the verses she has published in maga-

late Major-General Morgan L. Smith, and was born in Honolulu, H. I., during her father's consul-generalship there. She is on the editorial staff of *Harper's Magazine*.



We are to have a pocket edition of the works of George Meredith, in



Photo by Hollinger

MRS. LOUISE MORGAN SILL

sixteen volumes, bound in limp leather. The text will be the same as the Box-hill Edition. It contains enough new material and new editorial work to enable the publishers, Messrs. Scribner, to copyright it. Four volumes of the edition are now ready—"The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Diana of the Cross-Ways," "Sandra Belloni," and

"Vittoria." Those who find Meredith rather difficult, almost as difficult as Mr. Henry James in his later manner, have nothing to complain of in such a book as "Diana of the Cross-Ways," which, by the way, is as full of real people as any novel by Mrs. Humphry Ward. We are to have a pocket edition of Tennyson also.

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Messrs. Macmillan promise one in five volumes. Its contents will be: "Juvenilia" and "English Idylls" in the first volume. Volume II will give "In Memoriam," "Maud," and other poems. Volume III will consist of "Ballads and Other Poems." Volume IV will contain "The Idylls of the King," and the concluding volume the Dramas.

One of the recent surprises in magazine circles is the resignation by Mr. Charles Dwyer of the editorship of *The Delineator*, with which magazine he has been so closely identified for twenty years that one never dissociated one name from the other. The parting of the ways I believe is because of a difference of opinion between Mr. Dwyer and the business management on a matter of editorial policy. The difference must be serious to cause such a step, for Mr. Dwyer had a strong feeling of pride in the magazine which in his hands has developed from a small fashion catalogue of limited circulation into a periodical with the second largest following in the country. Hosts of his friends are interested to know what he will do next.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "The Way of the Spirit," is written in an entirely new vein for him. "In the course of a literary experience extending now, I regret to say, over more than a quarter of a century," writes Mr. Haggard, "often have I seen that he who attempts to step off the line chalked out for him by custom or opinion is apt to be driven back with stones and shoutings. Indeed, there are some who seem to think it very improper that an author should seek, however rarely, to address himself to a new line of thought or group of readers. As he began, so he must go on, they say." Mr. Haggard is wrong. A writer may make as many departures from his style as he likes. No one cares or criticises if his work does not deteriorate. We regret that Mr. Hardy is writing plays of endless length with legions of characters running through them, but

we would not regret that Mr. Hardy had turned his attention from prose to verse if he were giving us verse that was as great as his prose.

Professor Brander Matthews gives his views on the publishing of plays in a recent number of the *North American Review*. Professor Matthews is optimistic in regard to the drama, and thinks that it is especially significant that the acted drama is once more printed and published. Not only is this true of foreign playwrights, such as the French Rostand, the German Sudermann, the Italian d'Annunzio, and the Spanish Echegaray, but the English Gilbert, Jones, Pinero, Phillips, and the American Thomas and Fitch, are now in the list of those whose plays are given to the reading as well as the theatre-going public. In this connection it is interesting to know that Mr. Maurice Hewlett's play, "Pan and the Young Shepherd," which has been performed at the Court Theatre in London, will soon see the light in book form.

The portrait of Mr. Upton Sinclair which the publishers are sending around does not look as blood-thirsty as his story, "The Jungle," would make us think him to be. The face is that of an amiable, well-pleased-with-himself young man, not altogether without a sense of humor. And yet there is very little humor in anything Mr. Sinclair writes. We are told that he is now twenty-seven years old, that he was born in Baltimore, and studied at the College of the City of New York and Columbia University; that he paid his way through college by writing jokes and stories. In the picture before us, with pen in hand and pad ready to set down the inspiration, there is a look in his face of one who could write jokes; but never having seen anything but his most serious work, it is hard for me to believe that he could have written enough jokes to pay his college expenses. Mr. Sinclair has roughed it more or less in

th. open. For four years he is said to have lived in shanties and tents, often subsisting on fish and game; but he probably never roughed it more absolutely than when he worked in the Chicago stockyards. It was there that he obtained the information for his latest book. Mr. Sinclair's introduction to the reading public was an unfortunate one. To attract attention he palmed off a book of fiction as fact. Few people were deceived, but every one resented the trick as they did the deception of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters."



The spelling reformers are not such fools as the newspapers would have us think. If they intended to torture the English spelling as has been reported the credit for the so-called reform should be given to the late Josh Billings who made many thousands of dollars by phonetic spelling. Mr. Carnegie's committee have no intention, as I understand it, of changing the spelling of more than a dozen words at most.



It is an interesting announcement that the young firm of Messrs. H. S. Stone & Company have sold their entire stock, good-will, etc., to the still younger firm of Messrs. Fox, Duffield & Company, of this city. Mr. H. S. Stone continues to publish *The House Beautiful*, in Chicago, while Mr. E. M. Stone has come to New York to manage a syndicate periodical. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Company have taken over all the Stone firm's McCutcheon books, but there were plenty of others left for Fox, Duffield & Company, among them some of those of George Bernard Shaw, Henry James, George Moore, Maeterlinck, Ibsen, H. G. Wells, Octave Thanet, David Swing, William Sharp, "Fiona MacLeod," Robert Hichens, Harold Frederic, Norman Hapgood, Clyde Fitch, Egerton Castle, and Robert Herrick.



Miss Kate Sanborn, who was one of

the pioneers in the reclaiming of abandoned farms, has not forgotten that she was originally a writer. Though still an abandoned farmer Miss Sanborn has found time to bring out a most interesting and unique book about old-fashioned wall paper. One would imagine at first flush that there was nothing to say on such a subject, but Miss Sanborn has not only found a good deal to say, and to say it interestingly, but she has found an unusual lot of old papers from which she has taken illustrations. Wall paper, in the days of our grandparents, did not so much follow geometrical lines as it is apt to do to-day. Scenic patterns were popular seventy-five and a hundred years ago; and Miss Sanborn has reproduced a number of these of American, English, and French manufacture. Only a limited number of copies of the book are printed, and these are likely to be disposed of very quickly among collectors. Not only does Miss Sanborn find time for farming and book making, but she writes a column or two of lively book reviews, particularly on out-of-door subjects, for a daily paper. Her home, "Breezy Meadows," is at Metcalf, Mass.



Mr. Thomas Wright, who is well known as the author of a "Life of Edward FitzGerald" and the editor of the best collection of Cowper's letters, has written a biography of Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveller and Orientalist. Mr. Wright makes the startling announcement in his biography that "Burton's Arabian Nights" is mainly a paraphrase of Mr. John Payne's famous, or, as some people consider, infamous, translation.



Miss Marguerite Merington has laid aside the pen of the playwright for the time being and written a novel entitled "Scarlett of the Mounted." It is heralded as a distinct novelty in fiction, and as absorbing as it is witty. This we can readily believe, for Miss Merington has a pretty wit. The scene of the story is laid in the Klondike, where a girl of the sunny East and a man of

the golden West meet with the usual results. Miss Merington has written the story with all the terseness of a play. There is no waste of words; it is principally dialogue, and clever dialogue at that.

24

It is curious to note how writers often hit upon the same names for their books. There is "The Awakening" by Mrs. Deland running through the pages of *Harper's*, and there is a novel printed within a few weeks called "The Awakening," by C. Wickliffe Yulee; and there was a translation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" called "The Awakening." I notice that the Rev. Mr. Gardenhire's new novel is called "The Long Arm," which is the name of the prize story written in collaboration, some years ago, by Mrs. Mary Wilkins Freeman and Mr. Brander Matthews.

25

Mrs. de la Pasture, the author of "Peter's Mother" and "The Man from America," is the fortunate dramatizer of her own novels. She has made a play of "Peter's Mother," also of "The Man from America," both of which will see the footlights before very long. When an author can dramatize his or her own novels it is a good thing; but as a rule a person who is not the author, if that person is a dramatist, can do the work better. I could quote a number of instances where books that might have made a success as plays have been spoiled for the stage because the author would take a hand in the dramatization. Mr. Hall Caine, the Baroness Orczy, and Mrs. de la Pasture are exceptions to the rule. The late Paul L. Ford "collaborated" on "Janice Meredith," but I fancy he was wise enough to let the experienced dramatist have his own way.

26

Bishop Potter has written his reminiscences of a dozen Bishops and Archbishops he has known, and the book will be published about the first of May. American and English Bishops figure in his pages. The Bishop that we would like him to write about is

the Right Rev. H. C. Potter, Bishop of New York. An autobiography of this sort will probably be forthcoming some day, and it is possible that this book is merely its forerunner.

In the short preface to "Bishops and Archbishops" Bishop Potter tells an experience that he says "is largely the occasion of this volume":

On Decoration Day, 1903, as some of my readers will remember, there was unveiled, at the southeastern entrance to Central Park, in New York, the imposing equestrian statue of General W. T. Sherman, wrought by Mr. Augustus St.-Gaudens. In the evening of that day a distinguished journalist and man of letters (Hon. Whitelaw Reid) invited a few friends to meet the sculptor, quite informally, at his table. Most of the guests, and with them the host, had known General Sherman in the field, or had served with him in our great Civil War. Naturally enough,—especially after the ladies had left us,—the conversation took a reminiscent turn, and recalled scenes and incidents connected with the life of the great soldier whom New York had sought to commemorate. It is not enough to say of the recollections which were then exchanged that they were interesting—they were a great deal more—they were illuminative; and while driving home that night, past that stately equestrian statue, I found myself exclaiming to my companion, "What a regrettable fact it is that all the incidents we have heard to-night, or almost all of them, will disappear with those who have related them! They are all educated men who told us what they remembered of Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan, and the rest; but they will never put it down on paper, I fear."

But, alas, I had not gone a great way in this pharisaic judgment of my fellows, when I was seized with the memory of official relations of my own with a distinguished and interesting body of men, the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, with which, in one way or another, I had been connected for nearly forty years; and with the members of which for nearly half of that time my relations, both personal and official, had been especially intimate and unreserved. The histories of many of these men have already been written; and I gladly own my indebtedness to them. But that personal note, to which I have already referred, has not always been conspicuous in them; and in some cases has never been recognized.

And in this fact must be found the explanation of the Reminiscences which follow.

27

A collected edition of the works of Oscar Wilde will soon be brought out

in London. There was an attempt made some time ago by a young New York publisher to bring out a collected edition of Wilde's books in this country, but it never got further than "The Picture of Dorian Gray." Now that an English publisher has had the courage to bring out such an edition, perhaps a New York publisher will import it. There are many of Oscar Wilde's writings that are worth while; there are others that had better be left unpublished; but if the edition is to be complete it must contain everything. A number of Wilde's books have been privately printed in England, but these, it is probable, will be found in the new edition, which will have to contain them if it is complete. In this new edition there will be an enlarged issue of his "De Profundis." The additions consist of passages which have

only appeared in the German, Russian, and Italian versions of the book, and letters which Wilde wrote to a friend from Reading Gaol.

A first edition of Thoreau's first book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," containing the original printer's notes, sold recently in this city at auction for \$105. The manuscript edition of Thoreau's complete works, in twenty volumes, now being published by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, contains fourteen volumes of Thoreau's Journal, which are virtually a first edition. It is said that this manuscript edition has proved almost an unexpected success. The publishers knew that it would be a success in the end, but they hardly looked for such immediate appreciation.

A Great Human Document

Written by HELEN KELLER

AT the meeting held by the Association for the Blind at the Waldorf-Astoria last month, Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) presided, and ex-Ambassador Choate and others addressed the meeting. There is no more philanthropic work done in this country than by this association. Like most good causes, it needs money, and Mr. Herbert S. Barnes of 35 Wall Street, who is the treasurer of the association, will gladly receive donations, small or large, according to the ability of the giver. Miss Winifred Holt, 44 East 78th Street, who is secretary of the association, will answer inquiries and furnish printed material to those who are interested. In this connection I give the letter written by Miss Helen Keller to Mr. Clemens, and read by him at the Waldorf-Astoria meeting, and of which he has said: "Nothing finer has been done by a young woman since Joan of Arc confuted the lawyers when she was on trial for her life."

MY DEAR MR. CLEMENS: It is a great disappointment to me not to be

with you and the other friends who have joined their strength to uplift the blind. The meeting in New York will be the greatest occasion in the movement which has so long engaged my heart; and I regret keenly not to be present and feel the inspiration of living contact with such an assembly of wit, wisdom, and philanthropy. I should be happy if I could have spelled into my hand the words as they fall from your lips, and receive, even as it is uttered, the eloquence of our newest ambassador to the blind. We have not had such advocates before. My disappointment is softened by the thought that never at any meeting was the right word so sure to be spoken. But, superfluous as all other appeal must seem after you and Mr. Choate have spoken, nevertheless, as I am a woman, I cannot be silent, and I ask you to read this letter, knowing it will be lifted to eloquence by your kindly voice.

To know what the blind man needs, you who can see must imagine what it

is not to see, and you can imagine it more vividly if you remember that before your journey's end you may have to go the dark way yourself. Try to realize, what blindness means to those whose joyous activity is stricken to inactivity.

It is to live long, long days, and life is made up of days. It is to live immured, baffled, impotent, all God's world shut out. It is to sit helpless, defrauded, while your spirit strains and tugs at its fetters, and your shoulders ache for the burden they are denied, the rightful burden of labor.

The seeing man goes about his business confident and self-dependent. He does his share of the work of the world in mine, in quarry, in factory, in counting-room, asking of others no boon, save the opportunity to do a man's part, and to receive the laborer's guerdon. In an instant accident blinds him. The day is blotted out. Night envelops all the visible world. The feet which once bore him to his task with firm and confident stride, stumble and halt, and fear the forward step. He is forced to a new habit of idleness, which like a canker consumes the mind and destroys its beautiful faculties. Memory confronts him with his lighted past. Amid the tangible ruins of his life as it promised to be, he gropes his pitiful way. You have met him on your busy thoroughfares with faltering feet and outstretched hands, patiently "dredging" the universal dark, holding out for sale his petty wares, or his cap for your pennies; and this was a man with ambitions and capabilities.

It is because we know that these ambitions and capabilities can be fulfilled, that we are working to im-

prove the condition of the adult blind. You cannot bring back the light to the vacant eyes; but you can give a helping hand to the sightless along their dark pilgrimage. You can teach them new skill. For work they once did with the aid of their eyes, you can substitute work that they can do with their hands. They ask only opportunity, and opportunity is a torch in darkness. They crave no charity, no pension, but the satisfaction that comes from lucrative toil, and this satisfaction is the right of every human being.

At your meeting New York will speak its word for the blind, and when New York speaks the world listens. The true message of New York is not the commercial ticking of busy telegraphs, but the mightier utterances of such gatherings as yours. Of late our periodicals have been filled with depressing revelations of great social evils. Querulous critics have pointed to every flaw in our civic structure. We have listened long enough to the pessimists. You once told me you were a pessimist, Mr. Clemens; but great men are usually mistaken about themselves. You are an optimist. If you were not, you would not preside at the meeting. For it is an answer to pessimism. It proclaims that the heart and the wisdom of a great city are devoted to the good of mankind, that in this, the busiest city in the world, no cry of distress goes up but receives a compassionate and generous answer. Rejoice that the cause of the blind has been heard in New York; for the day after it shall be heard round the world.

Yours sincerely,

HELEN KELLER.



Art Appreciation

By OKAKURA-KAKUZO

HAVE you heard the Taoist tale of the Taming of the Harp?

Once in the hoary ages in the Ravine of Lungmen* stood a Kiri tree, a veritable king of the forest. It reared its head to talk to the stars; its roots struck deep into the earth mingling their bronzed coils with those of the silver dragon that slept beneath. And it came to pass that a mighty wizard made of this tree a wondrous harp, whose stubborn spirit should be tamed but by the greatest of musicians. For long the instrument was treasured by the Emperor of China, but all in vain were the efforts of those who in turn tried to draw melody from its strings. In response to their utmost strivings there came from the harp but harsh notes of disdain ill-according with the songs they fain would sing. The harp refused to recognize a master.

At last came Peiwoh, the prince of harpists. With tender hand he caressed the harp as one might seek to soothe an unruly horse, and softly touched the chords. He sang of nature and the seasons, of high mountains and flowing waters, and all the memories of the tree awoke! Once more the sweet breath of spring played amidst its branches. The young cataracts as they danced down the ravine laughed to the budding flowers. Anon were heard the dreamy voices of summer with its myriad insects, the gentle pattering of rain, the wail of the cuckoo. Hark! a tiger roars,—the valley answers again. It is autumn; in the desert night sharp like a sword gleams the moon upon the frosted grass. Now winter reigns, and through the snow-filled air swirl flocks of swans, and rattling hailstones beat upon the boughs with fierce delight.

Then Peiwoh changed the key and sang of love. The forest swayed like an ardent swain deep lost in thought. On high, like a haughty maiden, swept a cloud bright and fair; but passing

trailed long shadows on the ground black like despair. Again the mood was altered: Peiwoh sang of war, of clashing steel and trampling steeds. And in the harp arose the tempest of Lungmen, the dragon rode the lightning, the thundering avalanche crashed through the hills. In ecstasy the Celestial monarch asked Peiwoh wherein lay the secret of his victory. "Sire," he replied, "others have failed because they sang but of themselves. I left the harp to choose its theme, and knew not truly whether the harp had been Peiwoh or Peiwoh were the harp."

This story well illustrates the mystery of art appreciation. The masterpiece is a symphony played upon our finest feelings. True art is Peiwoh, and we the harp of Lungmen. At the magic touch of the beautiful, the secret chords of our being are awakened, we vibrate and thrill in response to its call. Mind speaks to mind. We listen to the unspoken, we gaze upon the unseen. The master calls forth notes we know not of. Memories, long forgotten, all come back to us with a new significance. Hopes stifled by fear, yearnings that we dare not recognize, stand forth in new glory. Our mind is the canvas on which the artists lay their color; their pigments are our emotions; their chiaroscuro the light of joy, the shadow of sadness. The masterpiece is of ourselves, as we are of the masterpiece.

The sympathetic communion of minds necessary for art appreciation must be based on mutual concession. The spectator must cultivate the proper attitude for receiving the message, as the artist must know how to impart it. The tea-master, Kobori-Enshin, himself a daimyo, has left to us these memorable words: "Approach a great painting as thou wouldst approach a great prince." In order to understand a masterpiece, you must lay yourself low before it and await with bated

* The Dragon Gorge of Honan.

breath its least utterance. An eminent Sung critic once made a charming confession. Said he: "In my young days I praised the master whose pictures I liked, but as my judgment matured I praised myself for liking what the masters had chosen to have me like." It is deplored that so few of us really take pains to study the moods of the masters. In our stubborn ignorance we refuse to render them this simple courtesy, and thus often miss the rich repast of beauty spread before our very eyes. A master has always something to offer, while we go hungry solely because of our own lack of appreciation.

To the sympathetic a masterpiece becomes a living reality towards which we feel drawn in bonds of comradeship. The masters are immortal, for their loves and fears live in us over and over again. It is rather the soul than the hand, the man than the technique, which appeals to us,—the more human the call the deeper is our response. It is because of this secret understanding between the master and ourselves that in poetry or romance we suffer and rejoice with the hero and heroine. Chikamatsu, our Japanese Shakespeare, has laid down as one of the first principles of dramatic composition the importance of taking the audience into the confidence of the author. Several of his pupils submitted plays for his approval, but only one of the pieces appealed to him. It was a play somewhat resembling the "Comedy of Errors," in which twin brethren suffer through mistaken identity. "This," said Chikamatsu, "has the proper spirit of the drama, for it takes the audience into consideration. The public is permitted to know more than the actors. It knows where the mistake lies, and pities the poor figures on the board who innocently rush to their fate."

The great masters both of the east and the west never forgot the value of suggestion as a means for taking the spectator into their confidence. Who can contemplate a masterpiece without being awed by the immense vista of thought presented to our consideration? How familiar and sympathetic

are they all; how cold in contrast the modern commonplace! In the former we feel the warm outpouring of a man's heart; in the latter only a formal salute. Engrossed in his technique, the modern rarely rises above himself. Like the musicians who vainly invoked the Lungmen harp, he sings only of himself. His works may be nearer science but are farther from humanity. We have an old saying in Japan that a woman cannot love a man who is truly vain, for there is no crevice in his heart for love to enter and fill up. In art vanity is equally fatal to sympathetic feeling whether on the part of the artist or the public.

Nothing is more hallowing than the union of kindred spirits in art. At the moment of meeting, the art lover transcends himself. At once he is and is not. He catches a glimpse of Infinity, but words cannot voice his delight, for the eye has no tongue. Freed from the fetters of matter his spirit moves in the rhythm of things. It is thus that art becomes akin to religion and ennobles mankind. It is this which makes a masterpiece something sacred. In the old days the veneration in which the Japanese held the work of a great artist was intense. The tea-masters guarded their treasures with religious secrecy, and it was often necessary to open a whole series of boxes, one within another, before reaching the shrine itself,—the silken wrapping within whose soft folds lay the holy of holies. Rarely was the object exposed to view, and then only to the initiated.

At the time when Teism was in the ascendancy, the Taiko's generals would be better satisfied with the present of a rare work of art than a large grant of territory as a reward of victory. Many of our favorite dramas are based on the loss and recovery of a noted masterpiece. For instance, in one play the palace of Lord Hosokawa, in which was preserved the celebrated painting of Dharuma by Sessiu, suddenly takes fire through the negligence of the samurai in charge. Resolved at all hazards to rescue the precious painting, he rushes into the

burning building and seizes the kake-mono only to find all means of exit cut off by the flames. Thinking only of the picture he slashes open his body with his sword, wraps his torn sleeve about the Sessiu and plunges it into the gaping wound. The fire is at last extinguished. Among the smoking embers is found a half consumed corpse within which reposes the treasure uninjured by fire. Horrible as such tales are, they illustrate the great value that we set upon a masterpiece, as well as the devotion of a trusted samurai.

We must remember, however, that art is of value only to the extent that it speaks to us. It might be a universal language if we ourselves were universal in our sympathies. Our finite nature, the power of tradition and conventionality, as well as our hereditary instincts, restrict the scope of our capacity for artistic enjoyment. Our very individuality establishes in one sense a limit to our understanding; and our æsthetic personality seeks its own affinities in the creations of the past. It is true that with cultivation our sense of art appreciation broadens, and we become able to enjoy many hitherto unrecognized expressions of beauty. But after all, we see only our own image in the universe,—our particular idiosyncrasies dictate the mode of our perceptions. The tea-masters collected only objects which fell strictly within the measure of their individual appreciation.

One is reminded in this connection of a story concerning Kobori-Enshin. Enshin was complimented by his disciples on the admirable taste he had displayed in the choice of his collection. Said they: "Each piece is such that no one could help admiring it. It shows that you had better taste than had Rikiu, for his collection could only be appreciated by one beholder in a thousand." Sorrowfully Enshin replied: "This only proves how commonplace I am. The great Rikiu dared to love only those objects which personally appealed to him, whereas I unconsciously cater to the taste of the majority. Verily, Rikiu

was one in a thousand among tea-masters."

It is much to be regretted that so much of the apparent enthusiasm for art at the present day has no foundation in real feeling. In this democratic age of ours men clamor for what is popularly considered the best, regardless of their personal likings. They want the costly, not the refined; the fashionable, not the beautiful. To the masses, contemplation of illustrated periodicals, the worthy product of their own industrialism, would give more digestible food for artistic enjoyment than the Early Italians or the Ashikaga masters whom they pretend to admire. The name of the artist is more important to them than the quality of the work. As a Chinese critic complained many centuries ago, "People criticise a picture by their ear." It is this lack of genuine appreciation that is responsible for the pseudo-classic horrors that to-day greet us wherever we turn.

Another common mistake is that of confusing art with archæology. The veneration born of antiquity is one of the best traits in the human character, and fain would we have it cultivated to a greater extent. The old masters are rightly to be honored for opening the path to future enlightenment. The mere fact that they have passed unscathed through centuries of criticism and come down to us still covered with glory commands our respect. But we should be foolish indeed if we valued their achievement simply on the score of age. Yet we allow our historical sympathy to override our æsthetic discrimination. We offer flowers of approbation when the artist is safely laid in his grave. The nineteenth century, pregnant with the theory of evolution, has moreover created in us the habit of losing sight of the individual in his species. A collector is anxious to acquire specimens to illustrate a period or a school, and forgets that a single masterpiece can teach us more than any number of the mediocre products of a given period or school. We classify too much and enjoy too little. The sacrifice of

the æsthetic to the so-called scientific method of exhibition has been the ban of many museums.

The claims of contemporary art cannot be ignored in any vital scheme of life. The art of to-day is that which really belongs to us: it is our own reflection. In condemning it we but condemn ourselves. We say that the present age possesses no art,—who is responsible for this? It is indeed a shame that despite all our rhapsodies about the ancients we pay so little

attention to our own possibilities. Struggling artists, weary souls lingering in the shadow of cold disdain! In our self-centred century, what inspiration do we offer them? The past may well look with pity at the poverty of our civilization; the future will laugh at the barrenness of our art. We are destroying art in destroying the beautiful in life. Would that some great wizard might from the stem of society shape a mighty harp whose strings would resound to the touch of genius.

A Concord Note-Book

The Women of Concord—IV. Mrs. Mary Merrick Brooks and the Anti-Slavery Movement

NINTH PAPER

By F. B. SANBORN

I PERCEIVE that too little has been said in these papers of the anti-slavery activity of the women of Concord from the period of the Gisarron mob in Boston (October, 1835), which was directed against women as well as against agitators like Garrison and George Thompson, to the final emancipation under Lincoln's decree, nearly thirty years later. In all this period a Women's Anti-Slavery Society existed in Concord, the most active members of which had been from the beginning, Mrs. Mary Merrick Brooks, Mrs. Waldo Emerson, Mrs. Col. Joseph Ward, widow of a Revolutionary officer, her daughter, Miss Prudence Ward, and the ladies of the Thoreau and Dunbar and Whiting families. At the death of Mrs. Ward in 1844, her associates in the Concord Society published this memorial of her gentle and charitable character:

"Died in Concord on the 9th inst., Mrs. Prudence Ward, widow of the late Col. Joseph Ward of Boston, aged seventy-nine. Mrs. Ward has for many years been a resident of Concord, and has greatly endeared herself to many

friends by the urbanity of her manners, the kindness of her heart, and that candor and charity which, while it passed over the defects of her associates as things not to be observed, at the same time sought with eagerness the bright sides to their characters, and on those alone suffered herself to dwell. This made us always feel safe and happy in her society. In addition to this she had a heart full of compassion for the suffering and the tried; which was probably the cause of her warm interest in the deeply-injured, weary, heart-broken slave. For many years she has been a faithful member of our Society, always aiding us by her purse, her sympathies, and her labors. Our hearts are tender, and our eyes fill with tears, not chiefly at our own loss, but at the loss the slave has sustained in the removal of this friend. She uniformly and consistently stood by the principles of the old pioneer Society; and we feel that indeed a great void is made in our before much-thinned ranks. But she has gone before the throne of her God and Saviour, where, we love to believe,

she will still remember and be employed in the cause she loved while on earth. And we trust that her exit from us will but redouble our efforts for the relief of our suffering brethren and sisters in bonds; so that at last our end, like hers, may be peace."

This quaintly touching tribute may have been written by Maria Thoreau, the aunt of Henry, Helen, and Sophia, who were all intimate with the Ward family. Indeed, almost from their first coming to Concord in 1832-33, the mother and daughter had made their home with one or the other branch of the Thoreau family, then resident in the town. They had heard the early debates at the Concord Lyceum, when the subject of slavery was excluded; they had taken up together the cause of the Cherokee Indians in 1837, when Mrs. Brooks and the Wards and Thoreaus had caused a public meeting to be held in favor of the Indians of Georgia, and Mrs. Brooks had persuaded Emerson to write his letter to Van Buren in their behalf. Early in 1838 Miss Ward was writing to her sister, Mrs. Edmund Sewall, at Scituate, whose husband was pastor in that seashore town, and a cousin of Mrs. Alcott; and in her letters she lamented the dispersion of her young friends, the Thoreau brothers and sisters, who, she said, "are the most important part of the establishment." Helen Thoreau, the older sister, had gone to Roxbury, near Boston, to open a school for young ladies, and Sophia was then expected soon to join her there. That she did so and was busy in Roxbury botanizing and arranging her attire, will be seen by the following letter, written to Miss Prudence Ward, a botanist and flower-painter, a year later:

"ROXBURY, May 5, 1839.

"MY DEAR MISS WARD:

"I must give vent to my ecstasies by writing you about the flowers I have found. I never intended you should get a letter from me until I had forgotten that you said you would not promise to answer me if I did. Since my return to Roxbury I have been very busy, having made myself a gown,

worked half a collar like yours, made two visits, been to Boston six times, besides attending school every day.

"To proceed to business. On the 19th of April I found the *saxifraga*; April 22d I walked with the young ladies and gathered the *Viola ovata* and cinquefoil. April 26th, accompanied by nearly all my scholars, I walked over to Dorchester, and much to my surprise found the *caltha* (*palustris*) in blossom,—which we did not find in Concord (in 1838) until the third week in May. The last week in April I found the blueberry, buttercup, dandelion, and columbine in blossom. As to poor little Houstonias, I have not glimpsed one this spring.

"Miss Newton means to interest herself in botany, and thinks she can borrow 'Bigelow' of some friend. I hope she will be able to, as I have nothing but Mrs. Lincoln to refer to. The young ladies petitioned for a holiday the first of May, and invited Helen and myself to walk with them. We consented to go, but on account of the weather we were obliged to defer our walk until Friday afternoon, when, perhaps you recollect, it was very windy,—so much so that Helen declined accompanying us. We took but a short walk; however, we gathered a great many flowers. Among them was one I had never seen before, and, from its resemblance to a painting of a dog-tooth violet which you showed me, I concluded it must be that one. And upon reading the description of said violet in Mrs. L's 'Botany,' found it agreed perfectly with the description of the *Erythronium* (yellow).

"I have concluded to walk into Boston this afternoon with Miss Newton, and must therefore cut short this epistle, as I want to take a bundle to town for E. Buttrick to carry to Concord. I wish I could write more. Please remember me to all.

"Yours in great haste,

"SOPHIA E. THOREAU.

"I forgot to say that the Pynes are in blossom, also the *Viola blanda*."

At this time Sophia was not quite twenty, and Helen, the oldest of the

children, was twenty-six. The "Bigelow" mentioned was the botanical work of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and the Mrs. Lincoln was a smaller work intended for schools and private families. In 1839 Henry Thoreau had perhaps made no further progress in botanical studies than Sophia, who in after years was his companion in walks, sails, and drives, and became an accomplished letter-writer, as her published correspondence with the Ricketsons and other friends shows. Both were Latinists in some degree, for Henry wrote Helen a Latin letter in the winter of 1839-40, to which, in his mother's name, he added a Latin postscript for Sophia. In this she was informed that Sam Black, the cat, "*crebris ægrotationibus obnoxius est, quæ agilitatem et æquum animum abstulere*,"—with other bits of domestic intelligence. In the early spring of 1839, a young nephew of Miss Ward's was at the school of Henry and John Thoreau in Concord, and the first mention of the boat in which the two brothers sailed up the Merrimac occurs in a note from this lad, who, writing Sunday, April 5, said: "I have been out to sail once in Mr. Thoreau's boat; he has a very good one which he and his brother made themselves. The river was high and we sailed very fast." Five months later, in early September, 1839, Miss Ward briefly wrote to her sister an account of the going and returning of the two brothers from their excursion, now so widely known.

Henry was soon after chosen secretary of the Concord Lyceum, and continued to hold that place or some office in connection with engaging lecturers, for the next five or six years. While thus in office, he favored strongly the discussion of American slavery at the Lyceum, and procured Wendell Phillips as one of the lecturers, to introduce that topic. When, in 1842, it was announced that Phillips would lecture the following week, an elderly member, John Keyes, moved as a resolve: "That as this Lyceum is established for social and mutual improvement, the introduction of the vexed and disorganizing question of Abolitionism or Slavery should be kept

out of it." The motion failed, and Phillips lectured as announced. The same winter Bronson Alcott returned from England with his English friends, Lane and Wright, who spent the winter and spring with the Alcotts, before going to open their rural Elysium at Fruitlands, in late May, 1843. Writing to her brother George in New York, Miss Prudence Ward said (Dec. 8, 1842):

"We find the Englishmen very agreeable. We took tea with them at Mrs. Brooks's and they have passed one evening here at Mrs. Thoreau's. They and Mr. Alcott held a talk at the Marlboro Chapel in Boston, Sunday evening. Doubtless you, George, would consider them 'clean daft,' as they are as like Mr. Alcott in their views as strangers from a foreign land can well be. I should like to have them locate themselves in this vicinity. It makes a pleasant variety (to say no more) to have these different thinkers near us; and Mr. Lane we are all agreed in liking to hear talk. Our Lyceum has opened, and last evening we had 'The Philosophy of Slavery.'"

This may have been the title of Phillips's lecture; at any rate, he spoke that winter in his customary quiet manner, but uttering extreme opinions,—among other things, favoring disunion as the best remedy for slavery, and denouncing the Constitution of 1787 for its alleged protection of the national curse. When invited to lecture the next winter (Jan. 17, 1844) the same old citizen moved that he be asked to choose some other topic; alleging that his sentiments of the last winter were "vile, pernicious, and abominable." The Lyceum voted to hear him on his own chosen subject. He came and spoke for an hour and a half in "a magnificent burst of eloquence from beginning to end" as one of his hearers (possibly Helen Thoreau) wrote in the *Liberator*. This writer, signing "H. M.," went on thus:

"He charged the sin of slavery upon the religion of the country, with its 20,000 pulpits. The Church, he said, had charged Mr. Garrison with being an infidel to its teachings,—and there

was some truth in it. 'I love my Master too well to be anything but infidel to the religion of my country.' Of the State he said: 'The curse of every honest man should be upon its Constitution. Could I say to Jefferson, Hancock, and Adams, after the experience of the past fifty years, "Look at the fruits of your work," they would bid me crush the parchment beneath my feet.' "

This was too much for the civil-suited conservatism of Concord, and an evening was appointed to discuss and censure the orator. "The mover of the vote of censure (the same John Keyes)" says H. M., "talked an hour, quoting St. Paul about leading captive silly women, etc." Another gentleman, Samuel Hoar (father of the late Senator Hoar) occupied an hour more, with like severity, saying "It requires not a little arrogance in a stripling to assert such monstrous doctrines." He complimented Phillips on his oratory, but solemnly warned the young persons present against such exciting utterances. As he went on with his refutation, he kept asking, "What would our young Cicero say to this? How would he explain this?" etc. Phillips, who had been notified by the Thoreaus, Colonel Whiting, or some other abolitionist of the attack to be made on him, was quietly present in the back part of old vestry of the First Parish Church of Whiting, Emerson, and Dr. Ripley, and now stepped forward. "Would the gentleman like an answer here and now?" That was not the gentleman's wish at all; but there was no help for it. Phillips said, according to H. M.:

"I agree with the last speaker that this is a serious subject; otherwise I should not have devoted my life to it. Stripling as I am, I but echo the voice of the ages, of our venerable fathers, of statesmen, poets, philosophers. I do not feel accountable for my manner. In a struggle for life it is hardly fair for men looking on at ease to remark that the limbs of the combatants are not disposed with classical grace. The gentleman had painted the danger to life, liberty, and

happiness that might be the consequence of doing right. The dangers he dreads are now legalized at the South. My liberty may be bought at too dear a price; if I cannot gain it except by sin, I reject it. But I would not so blaspheme God as to doubt that I shall be safe in obeying Him. Treading the dust of English law beneath my feet, I enter the Holy of Holies, and there I find written 'Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee; he shall dwell with you, even among you.' I throw myself upon the bosom of Infinite Wisdom. Why, the heathen has told you, 'Let justice be done, though the heavens fall,' and our old reformer answered, when warned against the danger of going to Rome, 'It is not necessary that I should live, but it is necessary that I should go to Rome.'

"Our pulpits are silent. Who ever heard our subject presented, before this movement began, of the silly women and the striplings? The first speaker accused me of ambitious motives. Had I been ambitious I should have chosen an easier path to fame. Yet I would say to you, my young friends, who have been cautioned against excitement, and advised to fold your hands in selfish ease, Throw yourself upon the altar of some noble cause! Enthusiasm is the life of the soul. To rise in the morning only to eat and drink and gather gold is a life not worth living."

His young friends, among them Henry, Helen, and Sophia Thoreau—for John had died in 1842—applauded the orator, and voted to hear him again on the same theme. He came (March, 1845), and this time Henry Thoreau reported him for the newspapers. But Miss Ward, who, since the death of her mother, had gone to visit her brother in Spencer, Mass., must be informed of the great event; and so Helen Thoreau wrote to her the next month as follows:

"CONCORD, April 27, 1845.

"DEAR MISS WARD:

"I wish to thank you for the nice long letter you sent me by Henry, in

return for my little note; and also to remind you of the meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society at the Tabernacle in New York on the 6th of May. You must not fail to attend; and I hope to meet you at the New England Convention. It is possible that George Thompson may be present from England. Can you not visit here about that time?

"Aunt Maria [Thoreau] has, I suppose, kept you informed of our controversy with the Lyceum. A hard battle, but victory at last; next winter we shall have undoubtedly a free Lyceum. Mr. Emerson says that words cannot express his admiration for the lecture of Mr. Phillips. Did you receive the paper containing Henry's article about it?

"I am glad that you liked the Hutchinsons. One of our evening meetings last May was closed with their Emancipation Song,—the whole audience rising and joining in the last stanza. George Thatcher happened to be present, and was highly delighted. Ten of the Hutchinson family sung. We are making great efforts to get them here [in Concord]. I long to see you in Concord again. We always have something stirring here. Aunt Maria will of course tell you all the news. Remember me to your brother and sister, and believe me ever yours,

"HELEN.

"Mother and Sophia send love."

This is one of the very few letters of Helen Thoreau extant. She died in June 1849, not quite thirty-seven years old.

Maria Thoreau, here mentioned, was the last survivor of the Thoreau name in America, and the genealogist and annalist of the American branch of the family. She died in 1881, at the home of her kinsman, George Thatcher, just mentioned, in Bangor. She and her two chief correspondents, Miss Ward and Miss Laura Harris, kept up a lively interchange of letters for some forty years, and these epistles, some of which I have seen, would give an interesting picture of one New England and New York circle who practised "plain living and high thinking" in a feminine way for the period preceding and immediately following the emancipation of the American slaves. The Hutchinsons, above mentioned, were that celebrated "band of young apostles" (as Mary Howitt called them) from Milford in New Hampshire, who carried their native melodies to all parts of America and Europe, during the sixty years that some of them continued to sing and play their instruments. John Hutchinson alone survives of this band now, and still occasionally lets his fine voice be heard on public occasions, though upwards of eighty years old.

For the Ward and Thoreau letters here and elsewhere edited by me, I am indebted to Miss Anna Ward of Spencer, granddaughter of Mrs. Colonel Ward. Mrs. Ward was also the grandmother of Ellen Sewall, the young lady with whom both John and Henry Thoreau were in love, as Mr. Salt has related in his English life of Thoreau.



Dr. Weininger's "Sex and Character"

Reviewed by CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

A BOOK by a German philosopher, of sufficient merit to command six editions in Germany and an English translation,* deserves serious attention from the reviewer; a book which treats at length, with profound labor of thought and wealth of study, of the woman question, deserves serious attention from the sociologist. Moreover the intense moral earnestness of this author, his evident depth of conviction, and the lofty scope of his aspirations command respect; nevertheless, to any one versed in the general facts of life, and in especial to a student of social evolution who notes the immense part played in it by the changing status of woman, there is something so paralyzingly absurd in the absolute dicta of this solemn young philosopher, that the attitude of serious attention is difficult to maintain. The author was but twenty-one when he wrote the book, and two years later he took his own life; facts of importance to the experienced observer.

Dr. Weininger himself says of his book that its special object is to answer, theoretically and practically, the woman question; that it is "an attempt to place the relation of the sexes in a new and decisive light."

Decisive he assuredly is, nothing could be more so; but the novelty of his light, or if it be light at all, is open to question.

He takes the ancient Oriental position that women have no souls, and reinforces it by the views of Greek and German philosophers and early Christian fathers, with a few sparing and cautious selections of scientific fact. To quote again from his impressive preface: "The investigation is not of details, but of principles; it does not despise the laboratory, although the help of the laboratory, with regard to the deeper problems, is limited as com-

pared with the results of introspective analysis."

This introspective analysis is the mainspring of the work; the profound lucubration of a philosophic mind; by means of which he reaches such conclusions as these:

"No men who think deeply about women retain a high opinion of them; men either despise women or they have never thought seriously about them."

"Woman, in short, has an unconscious life, man a conscious life, and the genius the most conscious life."

"Women are as much afraid of death as are men, but they have not the longing for immortality."

"A woman cannot grasp that one must act from principle."

"Woman resents any attempt to require from her that her thoughts should be logical. She may be regarded as logically insane."

"The absolute female has no ego."

"The male has everything within him. . . . It is possible for him to attain to the loftiest heights, or to sink to the lowest depths; he can become like animals, like plants, or even like women; and so there exist woman-like female men. The woman, on the other hand, can never become a man."

"I am not arguing that woman is evil and anti-moral; I state that she cannot be really evil. *She is merely non-moral.*"

These and many other vivid definitive sentences, culminating in the statement that "woman is only a function of man, a function he can raise or degrade at will, and women do not wish to be more or anything else than what man makes them," show something of the remarkable results to be attained by introspective analysis.

The first or preparatory part of the work advances a theory much of which seems reasonable and borne out by facts, namely, that sex is not manifested in two absolutely opposite types, either in humanity or lower

* "Sex and Character." By Otto Weininger. Putnam. \$3.00 net.

forms; but that there is an "ideoplasm" in all our constituent cells; "Arrhenoplasm" (male plasm), Thelyoplasm (female plasm), and that this distinctive plasm differs in amount not only in different persons, but in different cells of the same body. The absolute male or female he holds to be but abstract terms, like the "ideal gas" of the chemists; what we call males and females are those of preponderating amounts of one or the other plasm; and he deduces a neatly mathematical formula as to the law of sex attraction, as resting on these proportionate differences.

We are familiar with the rough working out of this principle in the often noted marriages of especially masculine men with especially feminine women, and of the more feminine men with more masculine women; but it seems somewhat precipitate to reduce these cases to this rigid measurement.

This theory, with a chapter on morbid extremes and perversions, and some sagacious suggestions as to the un wisdom of educating all boys—or all girls—exactly alike, forms his preliminary section; closing, in a chapter on "emancipated women," with the easy assertion, "A woman's demand for emancipation and her qualification for it are in direct proportion to the amount of maleness in her."

"Emancipation" he says, as he means to discuss it "is not the wish for an outward equality with man, but what is of real importance in the woman question, the deep-seated craving to acquire man's character, to attain his mental and moral freedom, to reach his real interests and his creative power. I maintain that the real female element has neither the desire nor the capacity for emancipation in this sense."

Having thus waved aside the "woman question" as a passing morbidity, he then approaches the main body of the book, on "The Sexual Types."

There follow fourteen chapters of a most deep and metaphysical nature, in which we are told first that so far there is no female psychology, and that when we have one it must be written by men, she being unconscious of her own

character, and unable to express it even if she were conscious of it—and were willing to do so: that a woman thinks in "henids"—vague processes not to be called thought, and has to have a man to think for her. In short, the woman makes it a criterion of manliness that the man should be superior to her mentally, that she should be influenced and dominated by the man; and this in itself is enough to ridicule all ideas of sexual equality. "The male lives consciously, the female unconsciously," is the summary of that chapter.

There is then a discourse on talent and genius; in which it is held that the utmost any woman ever had, has, or will have, is talent; that genius is ultra-masculinity—the greatest genius is simply the most male man. It further appears that women have no real memory—only an animal-like power of "recollection."

"This peculiar continuity by which a man first realizes that he exists, that he is, and that he is in the world, is all comprehensive in the genius, limited to a few important moments in the mediocre, and altogether lacking in women." (The Italics are his.)

Further we learn: "Inasmuch as woman is without continuity she can have no true reverence; as a fact, reverence is a purely male virtue. . . ." "Later I shall show how women are exactly the opposite of that which reverence means. I would rather be silent about the reverence of widows." Having no memory, he quite properly argues that woman has also no logic, which we have often heard; but he goes bravely on to assert that she has no ethics; and, being without memory, logic or ethics, we cannot blink the next horrible conclusion—that she has no ego!

From this it is but an easy step to say, "In such a being as the absolute female there are no logical and ethical phenomena, and therefore the ground for the assumption of the soul is absent." The absolute female, fortunately, is but an abstract term; nevertheless the concrete females about him are decided to be soulless and without morals.

Even modesty and compassion he denies her—the reason women make better nurses than men is because they are *unsympathetic*, they have no imagination, they do not feel with the sufferer and can the refore remain calm and helpful.

To deny souls to women is hard enough; but Mr. Weininger feels called upon to explain the curious interest in the soul which the poor creature undeniably manifests; and this he does in the following clear and delicate words:

"From the side of empirical observation, no stronger proof of the soullessness of woman could be drawn than that she demands a soul in man, that she who is not good in herself demands goodness from him. The soul is a masculine character, pleasing to women in the same way and for the same purpose as a masculine body, or a well-trimmed moustache."

Little now remains to the woman but a Lamia-like body; and of this he recognizes but two types—the mother and the courtesan; the difference between which he holds is not so extreme as we have previously thought.

Even the body of the creature is next attacked, and shown to be un-beautiful—even repulsive, in itself.

All man's worship of woman's beauty comes from his love of her—he imagines beauty in her, and worships what he himself has made. Madonna-worship, for instance, is a purely masculine idea, without basis in womanhood. "Only man has an instinct for beauty, and the ideals of both manly beauty and womanly beauty have been created by man, not by woman."

Then—with a little more of this cogent reasoning—we read: "The foregoing involves the proposition that woman cannot love. Women have made no ideal of man to correspond with the male conception of the Madonna. What woman requires from man is not purity, chastity, morality, but something else. Woman is incapable of desiring virtue in a man,"

And then, with a despair quite natural under the circumstances, "It is almost an insoluble riddle that woman, herself incapable of love, should attract the

love of man." This riddle Mr. Weininger solves by stating that man loves not woman, but his own ideals imagined in her. "He projects his ideal of an absolutely worthy existence, the ideal that he is unable to isolate within himself, upon another human being, and this act, and this alone, is none other than love, and the significance of love."

This love he affirms is "purely spiritual, and so cannot be blemished by physical union with the beloved person," here giving us what may be taken as the keynote of the book—a mystical exaltation of the ideal, with an unspeakable grossness in apprehension of the real.

In Chapter XII, on "The Nature of Woman and Her Significance in the Universe," he is at some pains to assure us that the last thing he would advocate is the Oriental treatment of woman; and even comes forward in her defence in these magnanimous terms: "However degraded a man may be, he is immeasurably above the most superior woman, so much so that comparison and classification of the two are impossible; but even so, no one has any right to denounce or deprave woman, however inferior she must be considered." "I cannot share the view," he continues, "that women of conspicuous ability are to be regarded as morbid specimens."

These women of ability are only that much men; for the woman herself "is neither high-minded nor low-minded, strong-minded nor weak-minded. She is the opposite of all these. Mind cannot be predicated of her at all; she is mindless."

Then, seeking earnestly for some distinguishing characteristic in this vacuum, he lights upon a great luminous truth; finds one glaring distinction, applying to all women without exception, never found in men; a trait so marked, so vital, so all-inclusive and fully explanatory, that he seeks no further. What is this one womanly instinct which gives us the key to her existence? It is—her passion for *match-making*! Do not think I maliciously exaggerate; these are his words:

"But we must remember that in this, and nothing else, lies the actual essence of woman. After mature consideration of the most varied types of women, and with due regard to the special classes besides those which I have discussed, I am of opinion that the only positively general female characteristic is that of match-making, that is, her uniform willingness to further the idea of sexual union."

"All women are liars" is another sweeping conclusion; he calls it "her organic untruthfulness"; and he gives much attention to hysteria as a manifestation of this.

Under the head of hysteria he classifies all woman's poor attempts "to imitate male virtue"; and even reduces women to an inchoate condition as not being, "limited formed individual entities."

"The abstract male is the image of God, the absolute something; the female, and the female element in the male, is the symbol of nothing; that is the significance of the woman in the universe," he explains, repeating, to make it more definite, "The meaning of woman is to be meaningless." "Woman is nothing but man's expression and projection of his own sexuality. Every man creates himself a woman in which he embodies himself and his own guilt. . . . Woman alone, then, is guilt; and is so through man's fault. . . . She is only a part of man, his other, ineradicable, his lower part."

Following this is an amazing chapter on Judaism, which he treats not as a race nor as a religion, but a state of mind, as has been said of Boston! To the unfortunate Jew he denies personality, dignity, aristocracy, morality, genius, humor, and even religion; then inquires, as he well may, "What then is the Jew, if he is nothing that a man can be?"

This chapter is not as extraneous as would at first appear; for, having shown Judaism to be the lowest depth, he then acclaims Jesus as the greatest moral conqueror in that, being a Jew, he rose above it; and this leads naturally to his sublime conclusion in the last chapter, that the one great answer

to the whole Woman Question lies in man's gradual conquering of his lower nature, *i.e.*, woman, by an exalted and persistent celibacy. This course, steadily pursued, will gradually eliminate the accursed thing from the universe.

Of course, man will be eliminated as well, but that does not trouble this strong thinker. Moral progress is what he desires. It is only the Jew, he says, who invented the idea of "multiplying and replenishing the earth."

What we are here for is to obey the divine will, to conquer evil and attain to goodness, to a spiritual goodness and a spiritual life.

Woman is the embodied obstacle to this great end—and as such must be abjured.

The real importance of this book lies in its so fully concentrating and carrying to its logical conclusion the andro-centric view of humanity, as well as the extreme dogmas of egoistic religion. It is always well, when great questions are under discussion, to have the two sides fully and even excessively placed before us. Never before in all our literature has the ultra-masculine view of woman been so logically carried out, so unsparingly forced to its conclusion.

Those who have unconsciously held any part of these views may now see to what extreme they lead if fairly faced.

Many a wavering half-interested person might find here enough matter to force him to a definite position. If the book is read at all in America, it will probably find less acceptance than in any other country, owing to the fact that with us the humanness of women is more compellingly visible than in older lands.

It is the humanness which Mr. Weininger so wholly fails to grasp. What is human he calls male—with the unavoidable result that the woman—not being male—is not human.

We need new understanding of the immeasurable difference between sex-distinctions, which we share with other animals, and our pre-eminent race-distinction, which is beyond sex.



THE FORTUNE TELLER

Courtesy of Mr. W. K. Bisby

Thomas W. Dewing

THOMAS W. DEWING centres his thoughts on the external fascination of delicate forms as he realizes that painting, being wholly on the surface, is alone the art of presentation. Since his poetic faculties contain no desire for idiosyncrasies or superficial incidents of design, and since he appreciates that weirdness in choice of topic may show weakness as well as fertility of resource, he charms without overestimating the need of originality of subject, and paints with an imagination that never suggests incoherency or shapelessness. Therefore the inspirations of restrained sweetness that not only qualify, but thoroughly imbue his mind, turn his abilities towards disclosing the beauties of every-day surroundings, towards enriching simple motives, and slight but suggestive themes in present spheres, and towards expressing these conceptions in the most delicate and mellow terms while establishing no peculiar symbols of his fancy. With such an end to be forwarded and with a horror of anything that approaches the commonplace in result he clings to delicate technique, eliminates detail while holding that thorough knowledge of the part left out that makes its absence unnoticeable, and applies to the decorative effects of contour and control of mass a patience, a veiled strength, and a finish without pettiness that causes his work to "carry" across an exhibition hall even when crowded among paintings of contrasted values and colors. And this power of producing an impression at a distance becomes the more unusual since, nearly always, upon closer inspection, his paintings seem viewed through a soft haze or mist that strangely is never humid. As a rule his colors remain in a minor key, exquisite in their depths of silver grays, of greens, and browns, where a refinement of delicate lines and values causes them to fade and reappear in his evanescent light. Yet, as in the case of his choice of subject, he treats his drawing throughout with his usual restraint, and with the painstaking conservative qualities that give a mi-

nute and gentle care of treatment to those portions of the canvas of especial importance, the faces, the hands, and the occasional objects of still life. Also, that he may the better reinforce his control of the connotation of his atmosphere he assembles his parts with a spontaneous felicity toward a balance of unenforced symmetry of lines that with his tones focus upon some decorative spot against his tapestry-like background of soft half light and shade. Especially is all this true in the very unusual beauty of his series of ideally treated figures of women such as "The Spinnet," "The Fortune Teller," and the others of like nature to which he has confined his efforts for many years. In their repose, in their pliant subtlety of poise and charm, he exhibits his power over sensitive winnowing processes, his enchantment and witchery of fine-spun workmanship. Unlike most men he displays few ups and downs in his productions, but evenly maintains his standards of elevated thoughts that seem to drift quietly through his mind directly to the conscious delicacy of his brush. All in all, the feeling of delicate intelligence and the characteristic grace and ease of his method distinguish themselves both by the excellence of its elements and by the harmony of their total effect.

Thomas W. Dewing, born in Boston in 1851, made his most serious study of painting during the three years between 1876 and 1879, in Paris under Jules J. Lefebvre. Since that time, with the exception of one trip to Europe, he has remained in New York, gaining his thorough reputation as a painter of portraits and figure compositions. His picture "The Days" won the Clark Prize, in 1887, at the National Academy of Design, where the following year he became an academician. At one time he was also a member of the Society of American Artists, but on the foundation of the Society of Ten American Painters he resigned from the former and joined the latter body.

H. ST. G.

Great Britain's Literary Government

By WALTER LITTLEFIELD

AT a reception given three years ago by the Authors Club to Ambassador Jusserand the editor of *The Century* read a paper showing the remarkable extent to which this country had been represented abroad by men of letters. Even excluding incidental authors from the list, there was revealed a most distinguished array—from Bancroft and Irving down to Lowell and Hay—and a record of their achievements in diplomacy and statesmanship formed a gratifying contrast to the work of those men whose tenure of office began and ended in politics.

While, for obvious reasons, American Cabinets have not been conspicuous as literary bodies, the Presidential Cabinets of France have in this respect borne some resemblance to the American Corps Diplomatique, although in our sister Republic the literary element has often been a part of the harmonious whole—in individual as well as in Ministry. We are apt to overlook the fact that Jules Simon, Leon Say, Gaston Paris, de Hérédia, and the rest had achieved local fame in politics long before their writings appealed to foreign audiences. British Governments have frequently included one or two authors of exalted fame, of whom Macaulay, Lytton, and Disraeli immediately suggest themselves as examples. But it has remained for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to gather together, a Liberal Government in which the literary element might seem little short of indomitable were it not for the fact that the author-statesmen in question hold portfolios of a nature usually foreign to their literary achievements.

Four distinguished men of letters at once arrest the attention—John Morley, James Bryce, Augustine Birrell, and Richard Burdon Haldane; while further on, as a member of the Government without a portfolio, is Winston Churchill, who has frequently been confounded with the American author of identical name.

The fortunate chance which kept John Morley out of active politics since the fall of the Rosebery Cabinet in 1894 has been responsible for much literary activity. Toward the end of that year came "The Study of Literature"; six years later "Oliver Cromwell," and of more recent date still the monumental "Life of Gladstone" in three volumes for which the world must have waited long indeed had the three years of energy and devotion required for its composition been spent at St. Stephen's instead of in the solitude of Wimbledon Park. Parenthetically it may be remarked that Lord Rosebery's continued political obscurity has also been rich in literary expression—"Sir Robert Peel," "Napoleon, the Last Phase."

Mr. Morley, who is now Secretary of State for India, was, like his sometime political opponent, the late Lord Salisbury, a man of letters before he even thought of entering upon a political career. The most fecund period of his production extended from 1867 to 1881 and gave to the world, besides numerous articles in the *Fortnightly Review*, "Edmund Burke: An Historical Study," "Critical Miscellanies," "Voltaire," "On Compromise," "Rousseau," "More Critical Miscellanies," "Diderot and the Encyclopædists," and the "Life of Richard Cobden."

Perhaps it was this last work even more than a lifelong friendship which caused his great Liberal chief, Gladstone, to call him to the Government from his literary seclusion. At that time, 1881, he was at work on "Walpole." This did not see light until eight years later, and, together with a volume of "Studies in Literature," was the sole literary product in book form of his Ministerial career of 1881-1894. And now this foremost biographer of his time finds himself directing the Government of the Indian Empire which, aside from the economic questions which may arise, is curiously alien to his former literary themes. It



Photo by Elliott & Fry

HON. SYDNEY CHARLES BUXTON



Photo by Downey

HON. JOHN MORLEY

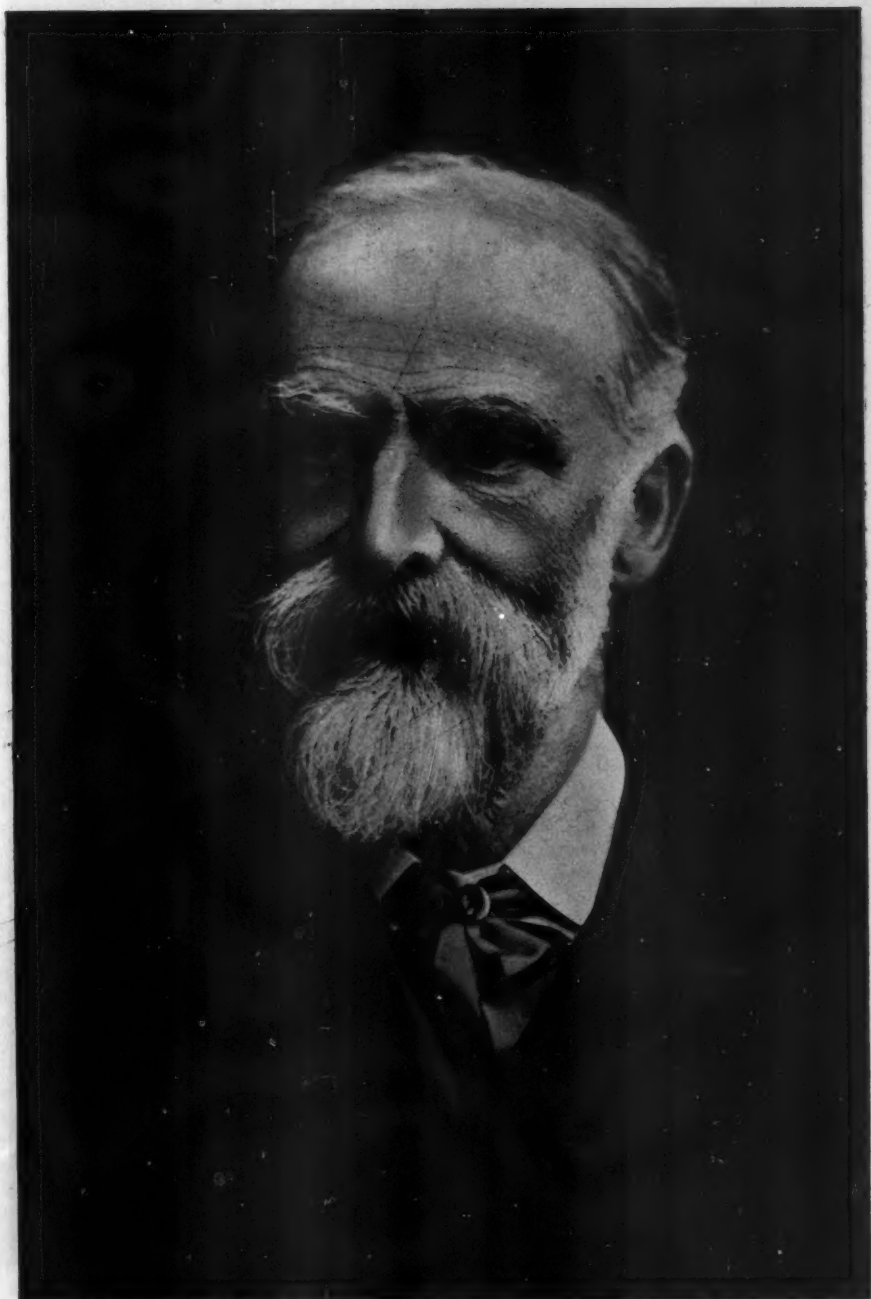


Photo by The London Stereoscopic Co.

HON. JAMES BRYCE



Photo by The London Stereoscopic Co.

HON. RICHARD B. HALDANE

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would be strange indeed, however, if the archives of the Indian Office did not furnish him with inspiration and material for biographies of one or two British Viceroy's whose administrations yearn for an apologist.

Very likely James Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is better known among Americans than his colleague in the Indian Office. Like him, he was a Gladstone favorite, but, unlike him, certain pledges are to be found in his writings as to how he may manipulate the functions of his present office. His recent utterances, also, reveal his policy: "In the first place, the administration of Ireland should be conciliatory. In the second, there will be an energetic and generous administration of the Land Purchase Act, and use of the powers vested in the Congested Districts Board to solve land difficulties and questions of evicted tenants in the interests of peace and order. Thirdly, it is necessary to simplify and reorganize the administrative system, and in so doing economies can be effected which will set free more funds to be used for the benefit and development of the country."

There is no hint, surely, in this proclaimed policy that the statesman who utters it is the author of "The American Commonwealth," which is regarded here as a standard work upon the growth and Constitution of the Republic, and, by the native readers of the many foreign languages in which it has appeared, as the best exposition of American institutions. This book has stood the test of forty-two years and is still unequalled in its scope.

Mr. Bryce is a very active member of the Alpine Club. He has climbed the Schreckhorn and has reached high summits in Spain, Transylvania, Poland, Iceland, and Western Asia. Not the least notable of his ascents was that of Mt. Ararat. It is an article of faith in the Armenian Church that the snow-capped summit of Noah's mountain is inaccessible. Mr. Bryce, with an escort of six Cossacks and beneath a burning sun and in a suffocating atmosphere never before experienced

by him, began the ascent. One by one his companions turned back. At an altitude of 13,600 feet he found himself alone. At length he reached the summit. Two days after this exploit, an Armenian gentleman presented him to the Archimandrite of Etchmiadzin saying: "This Englishman says he has been to the top of Massis" (the Armenian name for Ararat). The venerable priest smiled sweetly. "No," he replied, "that cannot be. No one has ever been up there. It is forbidden." The story of this famous ascent was published in 1877 in a volume entitled "Transcaucasia and Ararat."

Among Mr. Bryce's more recent works may be mentioned "Impressions of South Africa," which the Salisbury Government with characteristic party obstinacy declined to heed. Later still came "Studies in History and Jurisprudence," and "Studies in Contemporary Biography." Mr. Bryce's literary activity has found expression in innumerable subjects—from the flora of the island of Arran to the Trade Marks Registration Acts. At the present moment, his new and revised edition of "Two Centuries of Irish History" may be searched for the key to his Irish policy.

Possibly the most complete man of letters in C. B.'s Government is Augustine Birrell, the new President of the Board of Education. Twenty-one years ago he published "Obiter Dicta." He was instantly recognized as an uncommon stylist, an essayist of delightful fancy and humor, while his peculiar light and varied touch caused the word "Birrelling" to pass into the language as a term of endearment among those who enjoy scholarly wit and pungent criticism. In the meantime, he has shown his capacity as a biographer of literary personages, and the urgent demands of a busy practice at Chancery Bar have neither blunted his gentle irony nor diluted his humor, notwithstanding the fact that he has laid on the altar of the Green Bags frequent libations, the most notable being "Duties and

Liabilities" of Trustees and "Copyright in Books." He is the biographer par excellence of Charlotte Brontë, William Hazlitt, and Sir William Lockwood, and has edited, not, however, without being visited by adverse criticism, an edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." He has also found time in the intervals of leisure from law and politics to write a *Life of Andrew Marvell*.

The department of philosophical criticism has distinguished representation in the Cabinet by Richard B. Haldane, the Secretary of State for War. He was educated at the Edinburgh Academy and the Edinburgh and Göttingen Universities, where he gained very high philosophical honors, and in 1876 won the Gray and Ferguson scholarships of four Scottish universities. He held the Gifford chair of philosophy in St. Andrew's University from 1902 to 1904. His publications, although well known to advanced educators in this country, are not as accessible to the public as they should be, notwithstanding the fact that, while he handles his themes in an authoritative manner, his simplicity and grace of style invite general reading. Some years ago, he published a series of volumes on philosophical criticism and wrote a standard life of Adam Smith, the founder of modern political economy. He is also the author of "Education and Empire," and, three years ago, "The Pathway to Reality." With the aid of a distinguished collaborator, he has also presented as translator "Schopenhauer's World as Will and Idea."

As these lines are being penned, word comes from England that Mr. Haldane is to contribute an introduction to a work which is now in press at George Allen's. It is entitled "Science in Public Affairs" and consists of seven essays by various writers—Mrs. Barnett, wife of Canon Barnett, writes on "City Suburbs," John A. Hobson on "Industry," and C. M. Douglas, M.D., on "Administration." Other essays treat of citizenship, physical development, and colonial expansion.

From a literary point of view, and

ignoring all saving political clauses, I may be permitted for a moment to venture beyond the Ministers who hold portfolios and touch upon one member of the Government who, although without a position in the Cabinet, has achieved distinction as an author.

When "Richard Carvel" was published in 1899, the distinguished American correspondent of the *London Times*, George W. Smalley, roundly rebuked the author for having presumed to take as a pseudonym "the name of a distinguished young Englishman of historic family already well known to letters." Many Americans had never heard of the Englishman in question, but they did know that Winston Churchill was no pseudonym, although it was many months before English readers and reviewers could digest this fact. Mr. Smalley's inexcusable rebuke made conspicuous his acquired condescending British intolerance and aroused some interest here in the English Winston Churchill, who had already written "The Story of the Malakand Field Force" and "The River War," and was just preparing to go to South Africa as the correspondent of a London paper, where he gained material to write his later books, "London to Ladysmith via Pretoria" and "Ian Hamilton's March." He is also the author of a novel, "Savrola." These later books, published through Messrs. Longmans, had made their author more or less well known to American readers, when, on the eve of his appointment as Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, he published the monumental of his father, the late Lord Randolph Churchill.

While Mr. Kipling remains as the most highly paid English author of the day, it is interesting to note that Winston Churchill received for the *Life* of his father £8000 down with a contingent interest reaching half the gains which may accrue after the profits of publication have yielded £12,000 to the publishers. This amount compares well with the £200 each which Macaulay received for his essays and the



Photo by Thomson

HON. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL

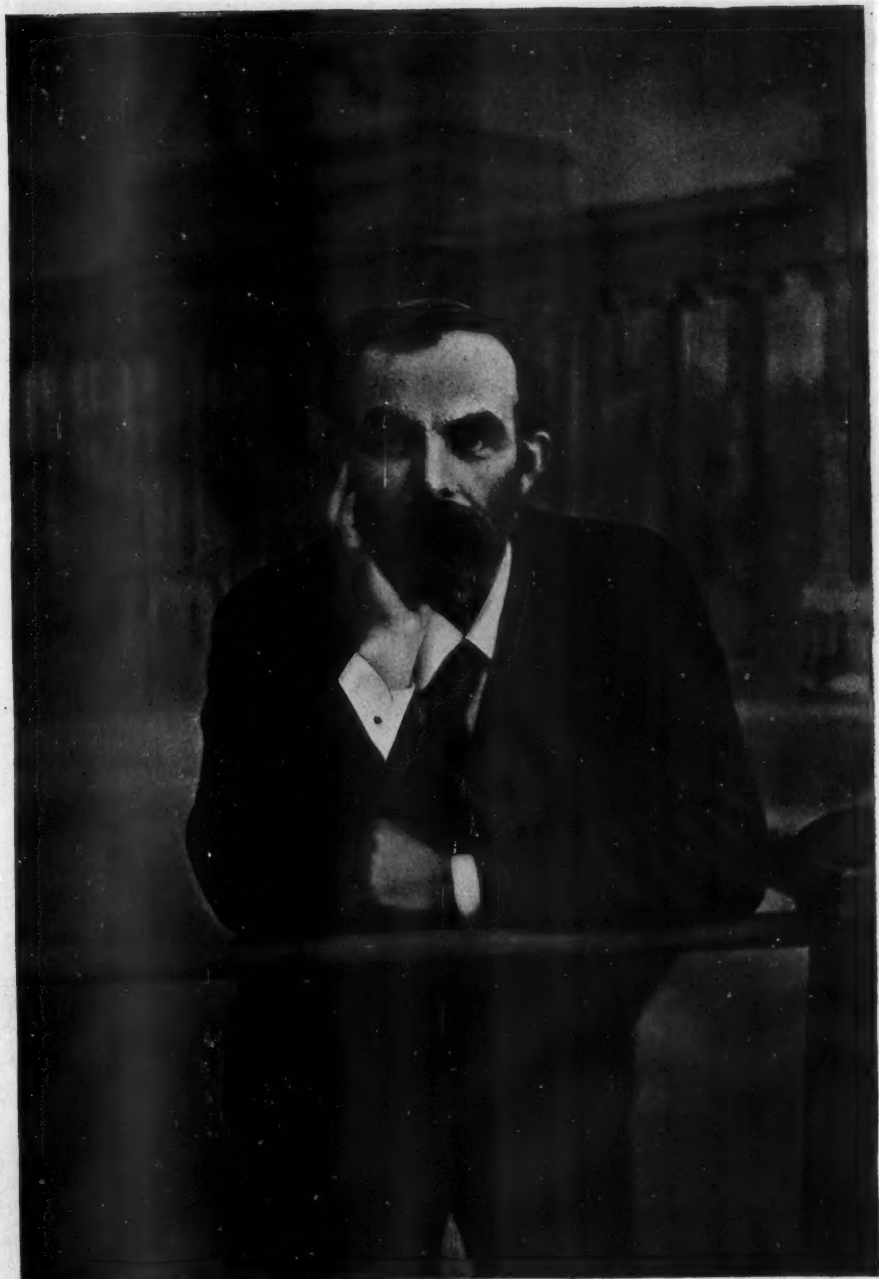


Photo by The London Stereoscopic Co.

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£20,000 paid by a single check for his famous "History." Mr. Gladstone, whose yearly income from his pen was £3000, knew well the market temper of literary wares and always charged £200 for a review article provided the subject was "sympathetic." He is known, however, to have refused 4s., or a dollar, a word for a contribution with the topic of which he was not sympathetic.

No English politician has made such rapid strides toward a predominant position in politics as Winston Churchill during the last few months. And, recognizing the tireless energy and varied abilities and youth (he was born in 1874) of the man, it is quite likely that even his busy work in the Colonial Office and his fame as a brilliant although somewhat ill-tempered debater in the House of Commons may prove merely incidental to his literary career. He is feared quite as much by his own party as he is by the Tories. His political eminence has been partly due to skilful stage management and the gift of utilizing naturally dramatic situations. Even the publication of the brilliantly written *Life* of his gifted father was at the propitious moment; but when it is considered that this work compares favorably with Morley's "Gladstone," and that the author had already produced books of permanent value before his thirtieth year, the future literary career of the English Winston Churchill, although it may be punctuated by no "big sellers," like that of his older American namesake, is certainly one of promise.

Returning now to the Cabinet proper, we find a number of men who have "dabbled in literature" to some purpose. The new Postmaster-General, Sydney C. Buxton, has shown versatility as an author. Although most of his writings, like most of his life, concern politics, he has had a more or less luxurious leisure in which to record his prowess with rod and gun. His "Handbook to Political Questions" has passed through eleven editions, while his "Political Manual" is scarcely less in demand. His most ambitious work is "Finance and Poli-

tics, an Historical Study Covering the Period from 1783 to 1885." He is considered an authority on the subject of political finance.

Farther down the list is the Earl of Crewe, Lord President of the Council. Doubtless most of the members of the Cabinet have written verses at one time or another, if only in academic Latin. Lord Crewe, however, has published a volume of poems, which shows that the writer is versatile and also gifted with a fine sense of rhythm. It is called "Stray Verses." But, after all, this poet is rather a dilettante and patron of letters than a writer. He has personally tided over the age of discouragement several promising literary youths, is President of the Literary Fund, and has at Crewe Hall one of the finest libraries in the Kingdom.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the most voluminous writer in the Cabinet makes no pretension of being a man of letters. This is John Burns, President of the Local Government Board. His literary activity has been principally confined to political and sociological questions whose nature demanded strictly contemporaneous treatment so his numerous contributions; to reviews and pamphlets have not require appearance in book form.

Another member of the Cabinet may be considered as the complement of Mr. Burns, for he is a man of letters who has written nothing save a volume on fly-fishing and prefers to confine his literary ambition to collecting the works of others. We may imagine Sir Edward Grey as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs signing a treaty with one hand, while he turns over the pages of a rare imprint with the other.

Thus it will be seen that C. B.'s Ministry is a very distinguished one from the literary point of view, and its progress or decadence will, therefore, be watched with unusual interest by literary men. As a closing word and with a final stretch to this article by way of courtesy, it may be recorded that Sir Henry Fowler, who holds a portfolio in the Cabinet as Chancellor



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THE EARL OF CREWE

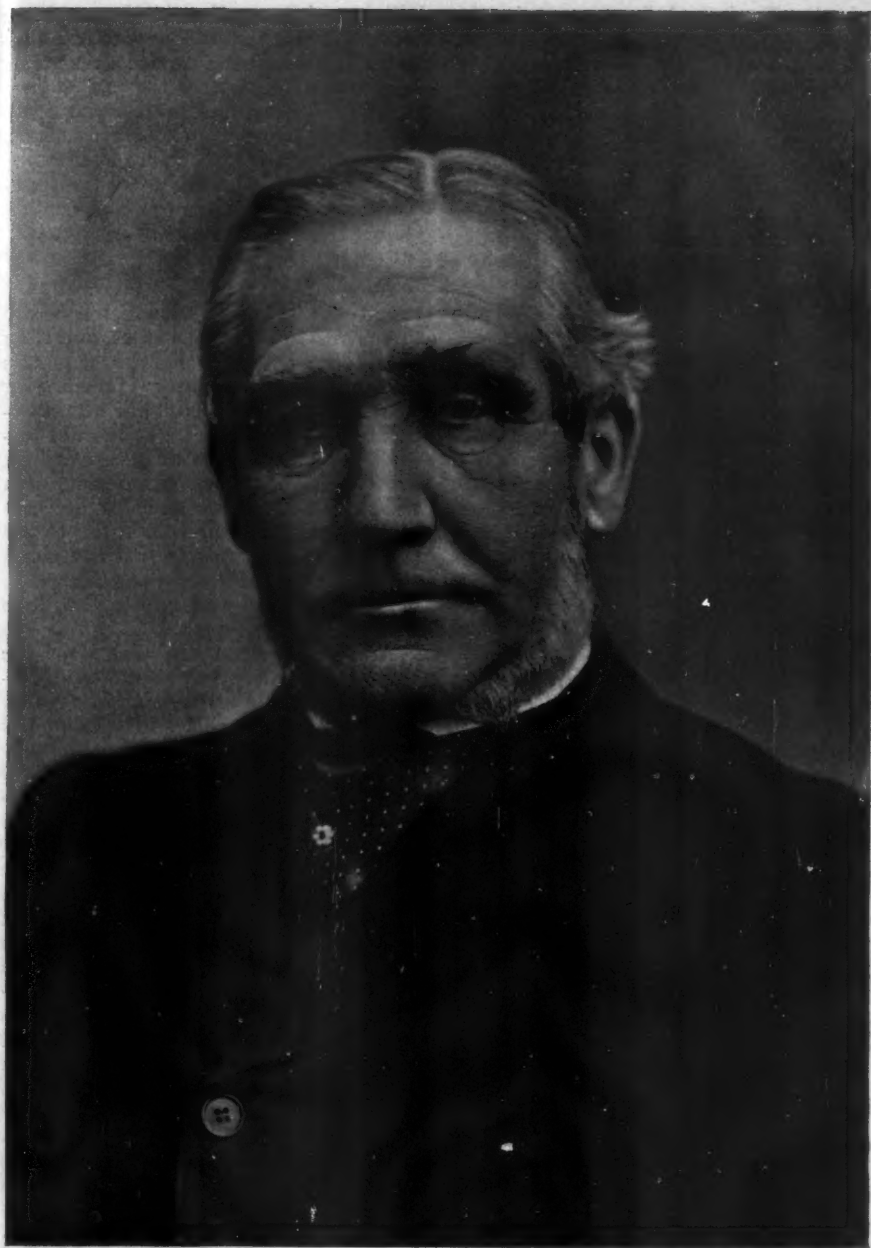


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SIR. H. H. FOWLER

of the Duchy of Lancaster, is the father of Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, whose novels, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," "The Double Thread,"

"Place and Power," and "Kate of Kate Hall," have attained a degree of popularity in this country quite as high as in her own.

Some Recent Novels

A Study of a Woman

IN "All That Was Possible" * Mr. Howard Overing Sturgis has given us a study of a woman in an equivocal position, and has handled his subject with great skill and delicacy and with a remorseless logic that compels the reader to recognize the outcome as inevitable. For the book is the story of a woman who tries to eat her cake and have it too; to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds; to follow the primrose path although resenting its ending.

Sibyl Crofts has left the stage to become the mistress of Lord Medmenham. A woman of refinement and cultivation, her influence over the young man has been good; she has taught him to sing and cured him of gambling. But after five years the inevitable end has come: Lord Medmenham is to be married; a handsome settlement is made upon Sibyl, and, surprised to find how little she cares, she retires to a cottage in North Wales to spend the summer and decide upon her future plans.

The only gentlefolk in the neighborhood are the Henshaws, who own the big slate quarry, and Sibyl forms a chance acquaintance with young Norris Henshaw, a handsome boy of nineteen. The acquaintance is prospering when Sibyl is one day visited by Robert Henshaw, a man of thirty-five, the head of the family and cousin to Norris. With feminine intuition Norris's mother has guessed more or less accurately Sibyl Crofts's history; she dreads the influence of such a woman upon her son, and Robert has come to beg Sibyl to discourage the boy's visits. This is the beginning of an acquaintance be-

tween Robert and Sibyl, which speedily ripens into love on both sides, and then comes the struggle in the woman's mind. Shall she marry Henshaw or shall she not? There would be no deception involved, for he knows her history; and, mingled with her great love for Robert, is the desire to decide upon what will be best for him, for her love is unselfish. It would be unfair to tell the result of the struggle; it is enough to say that while it comes as a surprise, it is nevertheless perfectly logical, it is "All That Was Possible."

As may be seen, the plot is of the slightest. The author has taken an episode in a woman's life, with its results, and offered it to us for inspection and comment. Sibyl Crofts is not the vulgar, self-seeking woman so often found in such a situation, but she is unreasonable. No woman of her intelligence should be surprised if, after living openly with a man as his mistress, she should find society's doors closed to her. To do her justice, she does not utter the plaintive cry "Good women are so hard," which is so often evoked by a failure to secure social recognition, but she is guilty of the appeal to the example of George Eliot, which I suppose we shall have as long as women resent the position where their own folly has placed them.

The story is told in the form of letters, a style which seems once more coming into vogue and which can be used by a clever writer with excellent results, as in the case of "The Etchingam Letters," and "The Woodhouse Correspondence." But, curiously enough, Mr. Sturgis has not availed himself of this opportunity for character-drawing. The letters, all written

* "All That Was Possible." By Howard Overing Sturgis. Putnam, \$1.50.

by Sibyl, are not in the least like those of an actress. A woman who has once been successful on the stage never loses the flavor of it, but these letters might have been written by a woman of conventional society. They are only used as a vehicle for conveying facts, not as a medium for revealing character.

The book is extremely interesting, although much shorter and slighter in construction than that brilliant study of London life, "Belchamber." It is so devoid of any preaching, yet so logical in its conclusions, that no thoughtful person can read it without acquiescing in the lesson it so quietly inculcates. Particularly should it be recommended to those world-weary young persons who discourse condescendingly upon "conventional morality," meaning any of the ten commandments which they find it inconvenient to keep.

M. K. FORD.

Mr. Phillpotts Excels Himself

WE have come to expect tragedy from Mr. Phillpotts, and also to expect the tragedy to be enacted in the Dartmoor region of Devonshire. But never before has he given us tragedy of so deep and hopeless a nature, nor shown more minutely the workings of the heart, and the evolution of the mind in man and woman. Instead of the elemental passion of "The Secret Woman," we have in "The Portreeve"* a woman actuated by revenge, mercilessly ruining the life of the man who has incurred her hatred, and stopping at nothing, not even her own misfortune, in pursuance of her terrible determination. The character of the Portreeve as it unfolds itself convinces us of the inevitableness of his fate. His blind unreasoning belief in a higher Power as the source of all his fortunes and misfortunes keeps him from fighting the real author of his misery, and his gradual decay and tragic end come in these circumstances as naturally as the return of winter. These two characters are drawn with a depth of insight and power of handling that

* *The Portreeve*. By Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan. \$1.50.

place this work at the head of the author's long list of admirable creations.

In contrast to the tragedy that is such a striking note in Mr. Phillpotts's work, we have his inimitable humor as displayed by his peasants. Abner Barkell and his friends are quite up to the standard set by the author, and their philosophy and opinions are a welcome relief to the darkness of the plot of the story. Mr. Phillpotts's descriptions of Nature have often been eulogized. They are evidently drawn from Nature herself, for he never repeats himself, and paints her with a sure and loving hand, whether in her angry, majestic, or gentle moods. The minor characters of the story are all well drawn, but the two most important ones stand out so strongly as to make one regard all else but as a delightful background. One lays down "The Portreeve" in astonishment at the inventiveness and ability that can use the same scenes and the same class of people so often, yet with increasing interest.

CHARLOTTE HARWOOD.

Mr. Moore's Symphony in Gray and Red

IF the critic of George Moore as "sensualist" and "gross materialist" would be converted, let him read "The Lake."* Except for the name on the title-page, he would not believe that the creator of "Esther Waters" wrote the book. It reveals the poet and the mystic; but, best of all, it shows that the disease of degeneracy in style and matter which appears to seize upon most modern novelists as the number of their works increases has passed him by unscathed. His "later manner" outranks his earlier.

"The Lake" is a symphony in gray, with brilliant flashes of vivid red; a fire opal whose surface is clouded and opaque except when the love element appears. Then the milky softness is submerged by the glowing ruby of intense dramatic interest.

The lake is in Ireland,—a physical

* *"The Lake."* By George Moore. Appleton. \$1.50.

entity around which are woven poetic descriptions of nature which may be read with pleasure even by those to whom the human soul is a more interesting book than trees and birds and running streams; and it is a symbol of the metaphorical lake in every man's heart, for the crossing of which every man must ungird his loins. The actors are really only two, a young priest aged thirty-four, and a pretty schoolmistress who taught singing in his parish. The objective and the subjective are interwoven with infinite skill; the descriptions of scenery and rustic life, animate and inanimate, the petty interests of an obscure Irish parish, even the girl's state of mind, are all artfully opposed to the subtle psychology of the priest's condition, mental and moral.

The story is simple: Rose Leicester, while one of Father Grogarty's parishioners, "falls," in the ordinarily accepted meaning of the term, and is driven from Garraard by a passionate sermon which he preached upon the sin of unchastity. His conscience smites him when he realizes what he has done, and his one desire becomes to discover her whereabouts and make tardy reparation for his hasty judgment. He learns through a letter from a Catholic priest that she has been living in London since the birth of her child, and is organist in Father O'Grady's church. At this point the narrative gives way to letters exchanged between the two, in which the ritualism of the one is contrasted with the unconventionality of the other. She travels in Holland and Germany as secretary to a Biblical exegetist and companion to his daughter. Half for pleasure of expression and half to draw out the priest, she describes the pictures she sees in Munich, The Hague, Amsterdam, Haarlem, and Cologne, and the Wagner operas in Bayreuth, quoting Ralph Ellis, her employer, as her authority in criticism. Here Moore's art is doubly apparent. Ralph Ellis is his mouthpiece, as Adrian is George Meredith's in "Richard Feverel," but with this difference: Moore's ideas of art and music are com-

municated to the reader indirectly and when off his guard, and at the same time Father Grogarty is made irritable by Rose's slavish adherence to the opinions of her teacher, and her parrot-like reproduction of them for his benefit. This is one of the most subtle bits in the construction of the book.

The correspondence continues until the point is reached where the priest discovers that his anxiety for her soul and his desire that she should return to his fold for safety against agnostic influence are caused only by jealousy; that he loves her and desires not only her soul but her body, and he a priest! The resemblance to "The Duel," in which Mr. Otis Skinner is playing is obvious. When this confession reaches her, Rose reveals to him that she had realized in their early acquaintance that the friendship was not entirely platonic, and she wished him to suffer and escape from the conventions and prejudices binding him as a priest, even to leave his parish, without scandal, if possible. To his question as to her feelings for Mr. Ellis she makes no reply except to say that she is bound for Central Asia with him to discover the source of the Christian River.

Father Grogarty himself is presented to us as self-deceptive, morbidly introspective, painfully exact and conscientious, and sensitive as an æolian harp. These characteristics make of him a tiresome man, and one can well understand Rose's desire to free him from his bondage of tradition.

She is his opposite: capricious, "of incurable levity of mind," he believes; impulsive, the most primitive woman he had ever known. Her spirit haunts him; he sees her in all his lonely walks as different manifestations of nature: she is a daffodil belonging to antiquity, "a thing divorced from the Christian ideal"; a fountain enchanting his senses by its joy and beauty and grace; the spirit of spring; a goddess "come down to earth to take her joy among men, an irresponsible being obedient to no human laws."

His change of attitude towards her is most subtly indicated. From be-

lieving her to be a sinner and a hopeless pagan, he hails her as his saviour.

The book is a strong plea for individualism *versus* iron-bound tradition, whether of the Catholic Church or of the Protestant; for "the mysterious lights of instinct"; for feeling rather than for ideas which pass; for nature rather than for books; for sympathy with every kind of life, good and evil; for the realization of self in all its completeness.

CAROLYN SHIPMAN WHIPPLE.

Readable but Crude

Is Miss Glasgow's study of contemporary New York life* as profoundly symbolic, after all, as her title would imply? It is a readable story, containing frequent paragraphs of observation for which "clever" is precisely the appropriate adjective; and, technically considered, the narrative is well-ordered and symmetrical. But it cannot be discovered that either Miss Glasgow's method or her point of view is strikingly new, a point that would doubtless escape comment if the book did not flaunt an implication of self-conscious novelty. But, apart from its lack of vital significance, what one most seriously misses in the story is a richness of texture and a perception, on the author's part, of the luminous contrasts of life, such qualities, in short, as made Miss Sinclair's "The Divine Fire" a memorable novel. Miss Glasgow has not seen deeply nor interpreted richly; her book is, frankly speaking, crude.

It is surely a simple and easily noted fact that it is possible for a man to attract a woman even when no more heavily equipped for capture than the following description conveys:

His handsome wooden features possessed hardly more character than was expressed by his immaculately starched shirt-front, but he was not without a certain wholly superficial attraction, half as of a sleek, well-groomed animal and half as of a masculine conceit, naked and unashamed.

Two characters of this altogether usual pattern are introduced, and the book chronicles the equally usual phenomenon that two women fell in love with them. Laura Wilde, the heroine, who escapes marrying the object of her ephemeral passion, is a poet; but will perhaps appear to have a less complex nature than has usually been attributed to her living counterparts. Her physical appearance is dwelt on to redundancy, and it is perhaps in contrast with her smile, holding "all the mystery of flame and of shadow," "her skin, which was like porcelain touched by a flame," her "illusion of mystery," that her actions appear strangely normal, if not actually commonplace. As often happens in the work of writers who fall short of genius, the minor characters have most of truth and suggestiveness. Gerty Bridewell, for instance, who pretends to no intrinsic interest of character, is a successfully sardonic little study. "Why, for instance," this luxuriously miserable young woman asks herself, "when she had been wretched with but one man on the box, should the addition of a second livery fail to produce in her the contentment of which she had often dreamed while she disconsolately regarded a single pair of shoulders?" It is a pity that Miss Glasgow's humor does not shine forth more abundantly; her work needs it. The book is a sincere and intelligent effort to approach the realities; yet after reading it one is obliged to admit that more than one obstinate veil still lies between.

OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR.

* "The Wheel of Life." By Ellen Glasgow. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50.



The Three Roses

(From the French of François Coppée)

ONE morn the sudden triumph of the spring
Beguiled me to my garden, there to see
Three lovely roses, newly opening.

Poor dainty things, that by a stern decree
Have but one short sweet summer's day to live,
For each of you what service shall there be?

"I," said the first, "love's errand shall achieve,
Breathe out my soul a snowy breast upon,
And, dying 'mid the sweetness, scarcely grieve."

"But I," the second spoke, "shall die alone
Within a churchyard, laid upon the moss
That hides a name deep carven in the stone."

Then said the third, "Of gain or seeming loss
I have the happiest lot—no service vain,
But to expire in worship 'neath the Cross."

I fell to musing in a tender strain—
On love, the passing madness of a day,
On death, and swift oblivion of its pain.

The flowers in homage sent where love holds sway,
Flowers laid upon a grave with reverent care,
Alike they die, their perfumes pass away.

It must be so. Ye new-born roses fair,
No skill your beauty shall immortalize,
Save only thine, O mystic rose of prayer!

The soul by thee exhaled shall mount the skies,
And, mingling with the censer's fragrant cloud,
Unto the very throne of God shall rise!

A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

Afternoon Calls*

By MRS. JOHN LANE

THERE is nothing so delightful as to mingle with one's fellow-creatures. One of the charming results of this amiable human trait is afternoon calls. Of course it does happen that there is sometimes a hitch in the mingling, such as the other day when I was staying with the Jephsons. The Jephsons live in a "semi-detached," and they call it Lohengrin Lodge.

They are awfully social.

Their drawing-room has three French windows, and when you go up the drive you can look right in. The family consists of Mrs. Jephson, two daughters, a son, and an undeclared young man.

Just as we sat in the drawing-room finishing our after-lunch coffee, a four-wheeler crunched up the gravel walk. As the cab turned the curve we had a glimpse of a withered profile, surmounted by a brown front and a black lace bonnet with purple ribbons, and two black silk gloves that clutched a black card case.

"Gracious!" cried the social Mrs. Jephson, "if that is n't Miss Tomblin! For goodness' sake, let's hide!"

On his way to the front door the footman looked in for instructions. The undeclared young man and the right Miss Jephson had, in a panic, taken refuge under the piano. The brother was behind the sofa, and the other Miss Jephson was hiding behind the steel engraving of "The Christian Martyr," on a draped easel, and Mrs. Jephson was under the table. Only her feet were visible.

"Not at home," she said to the footman, with a good deal of dignity, from behind the table-cloth. The footman looked respectfully at Mrs. Jephson's feet, and never moved an eyelash, he was so well trained.

On her way back to her four-wheeler Miss Tomblin stopped for a moment and looked into the window, apparently

to arrange the fuzz of her front by aid of the window-glass. All the Jephsons behind the furniture held their breath. What Miss Tomblin saw beside her front will never be known, but I have since heard that she has not called on the social Jephsons again.

It was, however, this interesting experience which directed my thoughts to the charms of friendship and the joys of mingling with one's fellow-creatures as illustrated by that delightful opportunity for modern soul-out-pourings, the afternoon call.

After serious and profound study I have come to the conclusion that the object and aim of calling is to find everybody out. If anybody is at home you are most dreadfully disappointed. I have been deeply engaged studying the philosophy of calls in company with my friend Maria, who hired a brougham for two hours and took me along, for the reason that it costs no more, and then you have a valid excuse for curtailing your call if you are so unlucky as to find any one in. For Maria is nothing if not truthful. I know just what she said and how she said it:

"I'm so sorry to go, but I have Margery Smith waiting for me in the carriage. I'm giving her an airing, poor dear; she does n't often get a chance. Sweet thing, is n't she? Especially if she has her own way,—but that's so like the Smiths!"

What she said to me when she banged the brougham door on herself was: "My dear, I thought that woman would never let me go! I would n't have called, only I thought she'd be sure to be out. I could just as well have gone there by 'bus. At any rate, she's done!" And Maria scratched her off her list with natural indignation.

"It's a great thing," and Maria thoughtfully studied her visiting list, "to call on people when you're quite

sure they'll be out. Why, I could n't have half as many friends if I ever found them in! Now, I've made up my mind to be gone just two hours, and I've simply got to make eight calls. I'll go first to the Fauntleroy-Jones, because Mrs. Fauntleroy-Jones always takes a nap till tea-time, so I'm safe not to find her in."

The Fauntleroy-Jones are disgracefully rich, and they live in what the estate-agents describe as a "mansion," and they have columns in their drawing-room. People love to go to their dinner-parties, but hate to talk to them. When Mrs. Fauntleroy-Jones is not giving a dinner-party, she probably wanders, lonely and forsaken, among the stately columns of her drawing-room, in company with Fido, her faithful pug. As we proceeded towards that expensive part of the town where the Fauntleroy-Jones live in a sumptuous structure uplifted by plaster caryatides, Maria clutched my arm as a victoria, drawn by a thoughtful-looking horse, with a long white chin, came towards us. A red-faced, white-whiskered old gentleman, with eyes like boiled gooseberries, and a stern old lady under plumes and a Roman nose, leaned solemnly back and stared with unwinking meditation at nothing in particular.

"I declare," Maria cried, "if it is n't the Tippetts. What a mercy to have met them! I'll call at once. Dear things!"

And as the oblivious Tippetts rolled away, Maria gave hasty instructions, and we fled in the opposite direction.

"Please hurry!" Maria cried imploringly to the coachman. "I'm so afraid they'll get back," she explained to me. "You can never tell!"

We landed quite out of breath at a dull green house on the side of a dingy square that looked like a favorite trysting-place for cats. A decayed summer-house invited to repose.

The Tippetts' man-servant was foreign, and Maria had to wait ages before he opened the door, and then he was still struggling with his coat.

"Nod at home," he said, out of breath. "Lady Tippet and ze General Tippet is taking of ze air," he

added by way of unnecessary explanation. He tucked Maria up with great respect, for which he got no credit, as Maria, when we drove off, remarked in a sudden burst of patriotism that foreigners might possibly take our trade, and she had heard that they did better in the way of music, and, possibly, painting, though she was no judge of such trifles, but give her an English man-servant every time; that was something no mere foreigner could ever hope to rival.

"At any rate, the Tippetts have been called on. Now for the Fauntleroy-Jones."

Our steed, which was rather given to stumbling, seemed conscious that he was expected to put his best foot foremost. We drove up with quite an air. Maria shook herself out and sailed up the front steps. Maria looks just as well from behind as she does in front, which gives her that moral support so superior to a good conscience. When you know you are all right behind, you can face the world.

An immaculate powdered being in plush said "Not at home," while a colleague in plush and flour joined him in staring over Maria's head at the brougham. Like statues in silk stockings there they stood and declined to have anything further to do with her, and they left her to open the carriage door and slam herself in.

"The insolent things!" And Maria sat up like a ramrod and breathed hard. We could not but acknowledge the perfection of the British Menial, but we felt that the suffering he caused was out of all proportion to the joy.

For reasons unexplained we still remained glued to the spot. I looked furtively up the steps. The silk stockings were permitting themselves the relaxation of a grin.

"Why don't you go?" and Maria forced her head out of the window to the detriment of her best hat.

"'Cos you 'av'n't said where, lidy," the coachman retorted, with a sense of injury.

"I make it a point," said Maria, unfolding her philosophy of friendship, as the Fauntleroy-Jones's caryatides

faded from view, "never to call on any one's 'at-home' day. At Home days are only vanity. At Home women never care about you personally. They only want you to swell the crowd, and they hate to see you any other day. That's the reason I'm calling on Mrs. Bangs-Kipper. It is n't her day."

Mrs. Bangs-Kipper is intensely "smart," and she lives in a narrow, dreary street, with a greengrocer on one side of her and a "pub" on the other side; but just around the corner is a square so aristocratic that it sheds a lustre over the whole neighborhood.

As I saw Maria's skirts swish in, I realized that my philosophic friend had made a mistake: Mrs. Bangs-Kipper was at home. For fifteen minutes I studied the street, while the driver made way for other callers; I also studied the driver's back, and saw that the fit of his coat proclaimed more than anything else that he was n't private. It had been constructed for a big man, and it bulged at the back, and the collar scratched his ears. There was, also, a mysterious crest on his buttons, which would have puzzled the College of Arms. The only one I understood was the button that was missing.

From the study of the driver's buttons, I turned my attention to Mrs. Bangs-Kipper's callers. It struck me that they seemed satisfied with a very little of Mrs. Bangs-Kipper.

Maria stayed longer than any one, which I could not understand, seeing that time was money, but even she was being tucked in by a smart parlor-maid fifteen minutes after our arrival. Finally, when our steed had been coaxed into that slow trot sacred to "by the hour," she narrated her experiences.

"She was in," and Maria paused to brood over her injuries: "I have n't called on her for years, and the last time I said I'd never go again. It might have been the same call. There were four women in the room—the chilly-chintzy kind—and I did n't know one. She always sits in one place like a graven image. You take a chair be-

side her and say things, and then she says things. And then somebody else comes, and you get up and stare. Nobody talks to you because you have n't been introduced, and of course you could n't be made to talk. I sat ten minutes staring, and then I got up to go. She held out a hand like a cold fish, and smiled a long, narrow smile, like a box lid, and hoped I'd come again. I said I'd love to."

"Well, why don't you sometimes call on your friends?" I suggested, knowing Maria's rules of conduct.

Maria looked at me with her cold, prominent blue eyes. "I only went because I was sure she'd be out," she said softly, as if that explained everything.

When we reached the Simpson-Blotters and found they also were in, Maria felt that the disappointment was nearly too much to bear. It seems that by accident we had arrived at a serious function. Two small Simpson-Blotters in white and blue ribbons were flattening their noses against the dining-room windows, with a background of governess. All three were chewing.

The front door was opened with such appalling suddenness that Maria had barely time to put on her company expression. A waiter welcomed her with a look of abject relief, as if she were the first, and he was nearly discouraged. He waved her into the dining-room with a stately gesture. There were preparations on a magnificent scale, and the dining-table was pushed against the wall, but nobody was there but the Simpson-Blotter children and the governess, and all three were eating for dear life.

The danger of too great preparations is one of the most trying of social problems. When the dining-table is pushed against the wall, and there are silver urns and things, then you betray the dizzy height of your aspirations. I meditated on the different kinds of social agonies while Maria was lost to view. The trouble with too great preparations is that they are so frightfully visible. The dining-table is evidently so out of its element, and there are things on it one sees at no other

time. Possibly you are the only person in the room, and so you make a good square meal—a real satisfying one—and then climb up-stairs and shake hands with your hostess. She smiles tremulously with her mouth, but there is a far-away look in her eyes as if she were listening to the front door bell. She also replies at random. All the drawing-room furniture has been pushed back, so there is a terrible vacant space in the middle, like the desert of Sahara. You timidly greet two out-of-date old ladies in the desert of Sahara—the kind who usually don't count—say maiden aunts—and you join them in looking longingly at the door for other guests. A shy man straggles in and looks forlornly about, and the maiden aunts, evidently more hopeful, ask if you have had tea.

After all, it is n't your "at home," so you have no compassion, and declare you really must be going, and though the maiden aunts implore you to stay—realizing too late your value as a human being—you murmur your way past the forlorn man to the hostess, whose ears are still at the front door, but who temporarily detaches them and clings to you. However, nothing will induce you to stay!

Yes, it takes social genius to provide just enough and not to displace the furniture too obviously.

The waiter shut Maria into the brougham with evident regret. He was a loyal soul, even if only temporary, and we left him looking wistfully up and down the blank street in a vain search for other guests. As for Maria, she was so resigned, considering how she had been taken in, that I felt sure something had recompensed her for so disastrously finding the Simpson-Blotters at home. Before long I found out; it was the tea.

"Of course," she said, "the preparations were simply too ridiculous for words. It's such bad taste to have too much; still, it did me good, for I was feeling quite faint."

I was silently reflecting on my own exhausted condition when we drove up to a huge, severely simple brick structure of three sides about a court, a

cross between a penitentiary and a sardine box, with some of the most pleasing characteristics of both. We paused at the principal door, and our steed settled himself solidly on his four legs. Maria was gone about two minutes, and then she flew back panting, and the hall porter banged the carriage quite respectfully. Hall porters are more broad-minded than footmen; I have even seen them respectful to a four-wheeler.

"Fancy!" Maria cried, in reminiscent horror, "Mrs. Peebles was in! I just barely escaped seeing her." I expressed the expected sympathy with her miraculous escape.

"Of course she will some day be Lady Peebles, when her brother-in-law dies," Maria explained.

"Is he ill?" I asked, with much solicitude, never having heard of the Peebles before.

"Oh, no. In fact, he's just about getting married. Mean of him, is n't it? Still, you can never tell. But to think of her being in!" and she reverted to her miraculous escape. "When I asked, the porter hesitated, and said, yes, she was in, and was I Madame Podsky!—me, Madame Podsky!" In her indignation her grammar forsook her. Her British soul revolted at the foreign name.

"I just had presence of mind enough to say, 'Oh, I see, she's only in to Madame,' and then I ran, I was so afraid he'd say he'd go up and see. What an escape! At any rate, I've called on Sophia Peebles!"

It is such a relief when one is calling in a livery carriage to circulate in those regions that most aspire to four-wheelers and hansoms. I wonder what is that subtle something about a livery carriage which prevents any one but the suburbs being taken in by it? Why had our coachman so deteriorated? What tragedy had reduced him to the universal coat of a livery stable? Why, too, did our horse have such a funny look, as if, somehow, he had forgotten to shave himself—so characteristic of the lower classes?

It was at the Crockers'—Crockers, M. P.—that Maria tore a fearful split

along the whole length of her thumb trying to open the brougham door, while Crocker M.P.'s footman looked idly on from his pedestal in the front door, where he had just languidly delivered himself of "Not at home." It would have shocked him if he could have heard the tiny word that escaped Maria. It was not until we got far away from his freezing presence that she recovered her spirits. Maria never had anything social so rankle in her as Crocker M.P.'s footman. Weeks after, when I saw her again and she cried triumphantly "Crocker's out!" I could n't understand what she meant. She explained that in the general election Crocker had been beaten out of his boots, and that, being now only an ordinary man and not a godlike M.P., he had ceased to be a coveted ornament to any dinner party. It was in this circuitous way that she revenged herself on the Crockers' footman. It was, however, when Maria directed the coachman to drive to Lambeth that I realized that she was human and in need of sympathy. Even the modest sometimes get tired of being snubbed by the menials of the rich and great!

Now, no one lives in Lambeth except the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that there is only one. So it must make it very lonely for him. The rest of the population does n't count, and most of it circulates on the streets. What is left over is apologetic, and tries to explain how it happens to be living there. It was in Lambeth that our equipage was properly respected, and our coachman looked quite private.

Two small ragged boys darted to open the carriage door, but, discovering that we were not a vulgar four-wheeler, they hesitated. It seems there is a stern etiquette about opening cab doors! Just as they paused perplexed, an infant in a pinafore tore down to the gate for the joy of opening it. Interested neighbors paused in their occupations to watch us. Maria descended with much dignity. The maid already stood at the open door, summoned by the child in the pina-

fore. She smiled the friendly smile of the suburbs. The dear friend was of course out, but Maria's call did some good, for she cast a great glory over the establishment. The neighborhood could see that she was on visiting terms with "carriage people."

A group of the younger inhabitants of Lambeth stared at us with the engaging frankness of childhood, and a couple of unemployed gentlemen halted stolidly in the background and gazed at our worthy steed as if gauging his racing capacity. One detached himself long enough from his occupation to open the carriage door, and stretched out a very dirty palm for pennies. But though he knew a good deal, he did not know Maria. We proceeded.

There are miles of streets and houses in London that look so alike that one can't tell one from the other. Even ghosts, who have a monotonous way of going over and over the same beaten track, would be puzzled to discover here their own familiar haunting grounds. One finds, too, on careful study, that the people in these houses are all made by the gross; the principal difference is that they answer to different names.

Said Maria, "I'm going to call on the Pennaughtons."

"Oh, but your glove," I remonstrated, "how can you!" But Maria declared she had fifteen minutes to spare, and she had no intention of presenting them to the livery stable. Besides, the friendship was new and desirable. It seems this was a return call for one made on Maria when she was out. So far the flame of friendship had only been fanned by the two masculine heads of the families over a sympathetic B. & S.

We drove through an interminable avenue of plaster. Miles of bumptious plaster pillars supported miles of plaster porticoes. It was a thoroughfare that invited to a prolonged yawn. Miles of surprised-looking plaster lions kept guard on both sides of each front door.

A beneficent twilight was gently blotting out in us what was hired. I observed two different streams of

carriages driving up to two separate front doors, side by side, and that two sets of adjacent lions were devouring independent callers.

It was a chilly spring evening, with the sky barred with gray and a faint acid yellow. An icy wind, whirling dust through the long street as through a tunnel, made even the lions look chilly. With the characteristic uncertainty of the British climate, it had not made up its mind whether to thaw or to freeze.

It was past five o'clock, and I had n't had my tea. "Maria," I urged, as I tried to restore the circulation in the end of my nose, "this time I'm going in with you. If I don't have a hot cup of tea I shall have pneumonia."

"I sha n't be gone ten minutes," Maria remonstrated.

"I daresay. But those are just the ten minutes that would finish me," I said resolutely, and followed in her wake, behind a whole string of friends. For a moment we were blocked by some irresponsible affection that would persist in standing in the middle of the doorway to exchange soul-to-soul outpourings, perfectly oblivious to the impatient friends who were trying to get in and couldn't. It's a little way of women.

The house was of the pale blue, tufted satin kind, with oil-paintings to match, and floods of electric light. And it was all brand new, as if the Pennaughtons were only just married.

Maria, with the refined cruelty of one who has had tea, sailed past the dining-room, where picture hats were refreshing themselves with sandwiches and other convivialities. Maria is a little apt to be haughty at the wrong time, and then she throws her name at a servant as if it were a bone; sometimes he picks it up and sometimes he does n't. This time he did n't. He was a haughty butler, who seemed to have formed an unfavorable impression of the company, and in his misanthropy did n't much care what he called them. Three picture hats, one bald gentleman, and a wig were ahead of us, and the butler announced a series of names, leaving it for the hostess to disentangle

them, while he washed his hands of further responsibility.

Mrs. Pennaughton was a large and expansive person, with a wide and ingratiating smile, and she overflowed with an inexhaustible and ingratiating cordiality.

"How do? So glad to see you! Had tea?" she cried in turn to the three picture hats, the bald gentleman, and the wig, and she shook their hands in a perfect frenzy of friendship. Whereupon she propelled them forward by mere dynamic force of her welcome, and they were lost in space. They did try to resist, they smiled feebly, they made an effort to stay, but they were powerless, and we found them again in the drawing-room stranded on blue satin chairs with gilt legs, out of breath and exhausted.

"How do?" Mrs. Pennaughton cried to Maria. "How sweet of you to come! Had tea?" And she shook her hand with a fervor that finished Maria's glove. Here she caught sight of me. "How do? So glad to see you! How well you are looking! Had tea?" She held my hand and smiled like the rising sun, but while she still held my hand her expansive smile settled on the next friend, and I had been as completely forgotten as if I had never been born. The temporary quality of Mrs. Pennaughton's cordiality was immense. Maria tried to linger, but even she had to give in to the motive power of Mrs. Pennaughton's great, bland smile, and she found herself in the drawing-room before she knew it, and we joined the other guests, dotted speechlessly on blue satin chairs, and they appeared all the more gloomy by contrast with Mrs. Pennaughton's smile. We took refuge from the electric light under an imitation palm, and a gramophone began to bellow softly Caruso's latest, through which we could distinctly hear "How do? So glad to see you! Had tea?" It penetrated even through the passionate utterances of the gramophone.

"I think we'd better be going," said Maria, who hates music. We emerged from under the imitation palm, and wedged our way through an opposing

stream still advancing up-stairs, basking in Mrs. Pennaughton's smile.

"Good-bye," Maria said, taking hasty advantage of a lull.

"So glad to have seen you! Had tea?" and Mrs. Pennaughton smiled the same indefatigable smile as if she had never seen us before. "So sorry to have been out when you called," Maria hurriedly interposed, catching at Mrs. Pennaughton's fleeting attention as a drowning man catches at a straw.

"So was I," Mrs. Pennaughton began, but her gaze wandered, and she turned her voluble smile on an approaching clerical gentleman in knee-breeches.

"How do? So glad to see you! Had tea?" she cried, in an ecstasy of cordiality.

When we again emerged from between the lions, I had had tea, in spite of Maria's remonstrances.

The next door's "at home" was still being actively pursued by visitors.

"I should n't like to live next door to any one who had my at home day," Maria said meditatively, as we waited for the brougham, while we watched the next door's bosom friends file in and out.

"But isn't Mrs. Pennaughton just the sweetest thing?" she cried in admiring retrospection. "So cordial. The kind of person one could go to in any trouble."

I saw at once that Maria had been impressed—probably by the furniture.

Here a young thing with a snippy nose and a flying boa tripped past towards the next house's at home, but paused at the steps, looked over her shoulder, came back, and clutched me by the arm. It was a child with literary aspirations, but on her way to Parnassus a worldly mother obliged her to go to afternoon teas. No mother ever believes in literature as a matrimonial asset.

"I've promised to go to tea at the Pennaughtons. Do come with me," she coaxed. "I'm frightened of Mrs. Pennaughton. She never remembers me, and I've been introduced to her

five times. Some girls are known because people never remember them. I'm one," she concluded gloomily.

Here the brougham ambled up.

"My dear child," I cried, shocked, as Maria settled herself in a corner. "Don't make epigrams until you're married. A husband can't help epigrams, but it frightens off young men. Do think of your poor mother."

"Never mind mother. Come in with me, that's a duck!"

"But, dear child, how can you be so foolish? Why, we've only just left there. I would n't go back for worlds!"

"I thought I saw you just come out of here," and if the child did n't look at the very house out of which Caruso was still vigorously roaring through the gramophone.

"Yes, of course," I assented, preparing to step into the brougham.

"But that"—the literary child gasped as one on the scent of a dramatic situation and "copy"—"but that isn't the Pennaughtons'!"

"Is n't the Pennaughtons'!" I repeated. "Not the—Maria," I cried into the brougham, "listen! We have n't been calling on the Pennaughtons at all! On whom have we been calling?"

"The Pennaughtons live next door," the literary child chimed in, and hopped with joy. "You've been calling at the wrong house."

"Maria," I repeated urgently, "do you hear? You've been calling on the wrong people. The Pennaughtons live behind the other lions."

"For mercy sake" Maria gasped in the gloom of the brougham, "on whom have I been calling!"

"I don't know," said the literary child with unholy joy, "but Mrs. Pennaughton told mother that they are new people, and they have five motor cars and the same at home day, and that is the reason she hates 'em."

"And I have lost twenty minutes," Maria wailed. "And she was so cordial. And all the time she probably wondered who I was."

"Not a bit of it," I said, cheerfully regaining my composure. "After all, what difference does it make? Friends

all look alike. Come on now and call on the real Mrs. Pennaughton."

But Maria could n't and would n't.

"I can't," she cried, in profound discouragement, "for it'll cut into the hour. As it is I can't drive you home. I've wasted twenty minutes on people I don't know," she wailed. "Oh, dear me! do hurry and get in and tell him 'Home.'"

So I told him "Home," and the literary child went off with that ecstatic step known only to authors who have found "copy."

Maria tried to say something, but

gave it up; her feelings were too much for her. Finally she studied her bracelet watch, and I saw her face relax.

"If he has anything of a conscience he can do it within the hour," she said with a sigh of relief.

By the time she was thumping her own door knocker (within the hour) she spoke with a good deal of feeling.

"After all," she said, "what would life be without friends?"

"The friends who are out, or the friends you don't know?" I asked.

But satire is wasted on Maria.

Letters of Mme. de Staël to Benjamin Constant, Hitherto Unpublished

Edited by the BARONESS de NOLDE
Great-Granddaughter of Mme. de Constant

Translated by Charlotte Harwood

THIRD PAPER

LETTER FROM MME. DE STAËL TO M.
BENJ. CONSTANT

"Coppet, 12th June (1815).

"You tell me that I am an inferior person, and to give me an example of moderation, you quote the latin passage* . . . '*pretaique injuria forme*,' that you think the most insulting of all for a woman, but you deceive yourself. A person who has given all her youth to a man who has destroyed her future, as the inventor of torture by slow fire might do, this person is no longer capable of self-respect. If you had treated the ugliest and stupidest servant whom you loved, as I loved you, as you have treated me, you would still be what you are: the most profoundly bitter and indelicate man on earth to-day. You tell me that for six thousand years women have complained of men who have not loved them. But for six thousand years also, men have loved money, and I do not think you have shown your-

* Incomprehensible.

self indifferent to it in the past two months. If you think that I should pay you for the pleasure of your conversation! does my father owe you 34,000 francs for that! You tell me that my sadness made more impression on you formerly. Will you tell me if it prevented you marrying, in spite of a promise of marriage made to me, and taking to another, unknown to me, the fortune that you held from my father and me?

"You declare that *you will speak ill of me*. I am sorry to tell you, but I have ten letters that conjure me to note that I no longer have any relations with you. If you do not know how to attack others any better than to defend yourself, you are not to be feared. Besides, if you were, do you think that you could wound me anew? There is not one spot in my heart that has not been ravaged by your persistent hatred.

"I took refuge in the past; you found it necessary to tell my daughter and myself that you had never loved a wo-

man . . [illegible] . . the miserable insinuations of a roué that you might have spared Albertine's innocence. Finally, after your having taken from me these young days, in which, whatever you may say, I was worthy of a heart in return for mine, I wished still to retain a tie with you by the service that you could have rendered my daughter. Misfortune has struck her at eighteen years of age. One would think that all who have known you must suffer, and that you embody some perverse, supernatural power. You, who buy houses and pay for them with your winnings, as you have told me,—you, who go every evening to the foreign salons,—you do not know how to make a sacrifice for the daughter of a person who gave up to you 80,000 francs, which she would give her to-day, if she had them. I will give my poor child all that I am able to, and Heaven is my witness that, threatened with extraordinary danger the other day, I consoled myself with the thought that my death would augment her dowry. But I had promised what you had promised me, and I could not fulfil it. I have been told that the act that you made me sign, which you drew up and wrote yourself, is not legal; we shall see. But what I know is, that your pretended legacy, without mortgage or other guarantee, cannot marry Albertine. If you had made a deed with Fourcault to give her the bare ownership of 80,000 francs, invested in real estate—I do not know if that was valuable,—you would then have been able to give the interest on it to Albertine only as long as you held your place! . . . In fact, if you lost it, you would be very unfortunate, but you would get something yourself. As for me, since I have seen in our liaison only a fate brought on me by the vengeance of hell, I am pursued by the idea that apparently I deserve it, that my father himself has not been able to obtain forgiveness for me.

"In short, I suffer in not being able to think of you but as a being charged with my punishment. I suffer as much as when I loved you. If I can reconcile myself with God, after having reproached you, I will perhaps become

softer. But, at this moment, *I would fly crying from any place whatsoever where I might meet you*, and it would be a pleasure to me to say so in the face of all the world. These are my feelings, but, as it is a matter now of my daughter only, if you can offer me an advantageous arrangement for her, I will accept it."

Between the letter of 12th July and the one following, written on the 21st, the battle of Waterloo took place (after which Mme. de Staël wrote paraphrasing Francis First: "Nothing is lost but honor"), and the abdication of Napoleon and the second Restoration occurred. Constant, who, after the return from Elba, had turned his coat, as we know, found himself a second time in a very bad way, and feared to be exiled. His pen saved him from it. As soon as the King arrived in Paris, he wrote him a letter of self-justification. It made the desired impression. The King, with his own hand, struck Constant's name from the list of exiles, on which it had already been written. With the keen spirit of mockery that did not spare even himself, Constant, when he heard this, said: "My memorial has persuaded the King, though it failed to convince me myself!" We read in a letter of 29th July, 1815, to his cousin Rosalie de Constant*: "Mme. de Staël has written me a more friendly letter than I expected, renouncing her claims to my fortune, which these latter events have not repaired." We do not believe we possess this letter of renunciation to which Constant alludes. That of the 21st July, which we publish, seems as if it must be one of those that followed it.

LETTER FROM MME. DE STAËL TO M.
BENJ. CONSTANT

"Coppet, 21st July (1815).

"I wish that you believed that I am better disposed to you than I was. There are points, surely, on which we are in sympathy, but it seems to me that the conduct of the ministry must appear good to you, and one cannot

* "Letters of Benj. Constant to his Family." J. H. Mazon.

apparently prevent oneself from hoping at present for the maintenance of the King and of France; there is hope for the one only by the other. I do not know what I shall do. Write me of the state of Paris: that will decide me. I have a desire for Italy, so as to let pass all this crowd of foreigners, which makes me feel bad, no matter what good it may have been able to do me. I advise two things for you, to get elected if you can, and, if you cannot, to finish your work on 'Religions,' and to publish it. They say Mme. de Constant has written to Rosalie for news of you. Mme. de Loys* and others will give you a good reception.

"The Landammann Pidou † says, that since Montesquieu ‡ there has been no work as strong as yours.

"Your talent will always sustain you. I advise you to go to Paris if you can, for it is more difficult to return here, but one must not exaggerate the hatred of parties; time appeases them.

"My son will soon see you. I hope that he will be paid, and then I shall be anxious to prove to you, by consultation with the secretary, that I was right, legally, against you; but that is no longer the question at present.

"May you be happy still, in your way. Write to me."

LETTER FROM MME. DE STAËL TO M.
BENJ. CONSTANT

"11th August (1815).

"Your justification is perfect, and I felt crushed on reading it. There is no possibility of attacking you legally. None but your friends can be afflicted at the extreme mobility of your character; you have excellent answers for your enemies. As to me, if I went to Paris,

* Mme. de Loys, younger sister of the Countess de Nassau, née de Chaudieu, both aunts of Benj. Constant.

† Landammann, officer of the Swiss Government. Since 1513 Switzerland has been a confederation of thirteen cantons. Some were little city-republics, others were country-cantons and their chiefs were Landammanns. Also in the constitution of Malmaison (1801) an analogous thing was accepted. The Helvetic Republic was declared one and indivisible, and was represented by a Diet charged with the election of the Senate, from which was taken the first magistrate of the country. The latter, qualified as "Landammann of the Helvetic Republic," was invested with executive power, with the assistance of several ministers. The Pidous were a Vaudois family.

‡ The author of "Persian Letters."

do you doubt that I would see you as before? If I have been able to forgive your conduct to me, would the considerations of society influence me? But if I can avoid seeing France in the condition she now is in, I earnestly desire to. If I could flatter myself that, having praised the Germans so much in adversity, they would listen to me in their hour of triumph, I would go, not to keep quiet, but to speak, for I know of nothing that can smother what is in my soul.

"But so many people in France must make them hear the truth, that it would be presumptuous to believe myself more fortunate than another. I am, then, awaiting the result of my affair, and devoting myself wholly to Albertine's future. It is my intention to go to Rome, where we shall get the dispensation ourselves. Perhaps she will be married at St. Peter's. Coppet is still more holy.

"I have shown your memorial, but in accordance with your orders, it has not left my hands. Every one says that except for the article of the 19th there would be nothing to say against you. It is the brilliance of your own talent that has done you harm. God willed that you should have everything in your hands, and that a wicked fairy should make you throw it all away. Have courage, however, above all in the cause of France; do not abandon yourself, and make for yourself steadfast principles. Assuredly Mirabeau and several others have recalled them from a greater distance than you. Party spirit will cool by degrees and the great [illegible] . . . of your life, love of liberty and talent, will reappear.

"Avoid duels; at present they would signify nothing. Society is a small thing at present; the business of the world is greater. Endure what you have not, as you have made such a great effort to relieve yourself of what you had. Your letters are of great interest to me; just now we agree; let us profit by it to write to each other. Give my son good advice about my affair. Do not think any more of the one that was in question between us."*

* That of the 80,000 francs that Constant owed her.

" 18th August (Coppet, 1815).

"When you saw that I would return to your neighborhood, the tone of your letters changed, and those that you wrote me from Paris to London wounded me deeply. When I returned I found you like your letters: not a look, not an inflection, betrayed any recollection, and I admired you sometimes for being so witty, and at the same time so little inspired. That hurt me; but it was better, for fifteen years of such deep feeling are a cruel wound that could be made to bleed only too easily. But let us drop that. The rejection of the liberty of the Press, and what they have said of England, have revived my old error; but let us drop that also. I only wish to be paid, and I shall be very grateful. I wish it for Albertine; she is so agreeable, she improves so much that there is nothing she does not deserve. I have told you that what I hope for is Victor de Broglie. Try to speak of her before him. One can praise her, certainly, without exaggerating. Her face is still more beautiful, and all the English here are enthusiastic about it. The Humboldt* family is here, three daughters, a son, a tutor, and the mother; she is very agreeable, but her daughter is horrible. The Princess of Wales should arrive here next month, but I have no desire to wait for her. Let me know when you think I can return.

"When will the peace† deliberations be ended? I do not know why they should take long. I am still uneasy about my affairs, and I would like to be there to watch them. Will Mme. de Constant soon be in Paris?‡ I have seen your family. Nothing has changed here but the faces. The minds are also a little faded, but otherwise all is well.

"General Filangieri has been here. He made it known to me that he

wished to marry Albertine, but it was when she was so young, that it was not worth while answering. I believe he has the same wish, but he has put on a Bonapartist air.* Apropos, do you know that the Genevans are very illiberal? They . . . [illegible] . . . the acceptance of their bad constitution like little tyrants, and fear intelligence as if they were in great danger. It is comical and sad, like the world in miniature.

"I have written to tell Auguste that I believe it would be better if our name were not mentioned before the legislative body. What do you think?"

LETTER FROM MME. DE STAËL TO M. BENJ. CONSTANT

" 1st September (1815).

"The state of your health causes me much uneasiness, my dear friend. I can bear anything from you just now except your illness.

"I have found at the bottom of my heart, on pronouncing that word, emotions that I had believed to be extinct. You have been very foolish and very cruel, but you have a unique mind and faculties, and you owe it to the God who has made you thus to take scrupulous care of yourself. You can always count on my daughter and myself as friends, not such as we wished to be, but such as you have permitted us to be, and you will end by finding it is still the best of what you have.

"M. de Langallerie, † who is here, bids

* Charles Filangieri, Duc de Taormina, Prince of Latriano, son of the author of "La Scienza della Legislazione." He was presented when young to Napoleon, who, in consideration of his father's merits, caused him to be brought up (being an orphan) at the country's expense. On leaving college he joined the forty officers who accompanied Napoleon to Milan for his coronation. He performed prodigies of valor at the battle of Austerlitz, and was aide-de-camp to Murat. Governor of Sicily at Napoleon's downfall, he ended his career, covered with honor, in the service of Ferdinand de Bourbon.

† The Chevalier General de Langallerie, a distant relation of Benj. Constant, was one of the chiefs of the group of mystics, presided over by Mme. de Krudner, to which Benj. Constant had belonged for a short time. The Duc de Broglie gives a perfect picture of this person in his souvenirs: "A little man—very round, very short, rather vain, slightly greedy, almost the same as the ribald stories of the last century showed the confessor of a convent, or director of the pious. It was difficult to restrain a smile when one heard him groaning about his poor stomach while doing justice to a good dinner, and over insomnia when one heard him happily snoring in a comfortable arm-chair. His gentle, insinuating, nasal voice was most provoking, but as soon as he was launched on pure spirituality, it was impossible not to admire the profundity and delicacy of his ideas."

* Charles Guillaume, Baron de Humboldt, 1767-1835, a distinguished scientist and statesman, Ambassador to Rome, then to London and Vienna. His house was an artistic and scientific centre wherever he was. A brother of the celebrated Alexander de Humboldt, he was also a member of almost all the scientific societies and academies.

† After the hundred days, Louis XVIII. returned to Paris under the protection of the Duke of Wellington, 19th July, 1815.

‡ Mme. de Constant could not rejoin her husband, because it would have been necessary to cross the allied armies before Paris, which would have made the journey very distressing.

me tell you that he has repeated all the conversations he had with you. Alas! What is the use? Your paper, that I lend, is much admired here by the English, and those of the Genevans who know how to read. I get word from Paris that it is very successful. Yours is a fine career, if you can teach liberty to France. You tell me that every one writes that I shall be paid. I hope so also. Fear has become so much a habit with me, that I would not spend a louis for these two millions. If they come, I hope that M. de Broglie will think of me. You see that I am modest. If you can help in this, do so. I rely entirely on your pride and your zeal in what concerns Albertine. You have written Ch. Constant* that you would perhaps stop here on your way to Germany. I hope that is only talk, for I dare to hope that you will not go. You would have the air either of being an exile, or of having failed in an attempt, if you went at present.

"I expect to start on the 15th September; you can write to me here before that. Do not forget, but address by Geneva, and not by Switzerland, which retards things. Let me have exact news of your health."

LETTER FROM MME. DE STAËL TO
M. BENJ. CONSTANT

"Coppet, 13th September (1815).

"I lead such a cruel life, always uneasy about the health of the person . . . [illegible] all my happiness lives, that I have sometimes moments of real despair. Believe me, politics are nothing beside the things that affect the heart. But let us leave that; it is like the term of existence, God alone knows what it is. An Englishman, an intelligent man whom I saw the day before yesterday, told me that he had read nothing that seemed to him so fine as your last work on political principles, and that the English

* Charles de Constant, his cousin and brother of Rosalie, to whom he wrote: "I hope to see you soon, for it is possible that I may go to Germany by way of Switzerland, if my wife does not join me by the end of next month. They say the roads on the shores of the Rhine are not very safe. Peace is not quite assured; every one desires it, but that is no reason for its consummation." ("Letters of Benj. Constant to his family."—J. H. Mence.)

Constitution was nowhere else so well represented. If, then, circumstances should take you to England, and you should wish to write from there some facts with reflections, I think that you would have great influence; talent quickly effaces what is inconsiderate but not culpable. In this country also, you would do very well. I believe I have written you that the present Landammann Pidou,* who is really a man of very cultured intellect, spoke to me of your writings with much enthusiasm. I cannot tell you about Mme. Constant with certainty, but I have been assured that she was in Germany. Would you be right in bringing her to Paris if her relations do not remain there?

"It seems to me that the Chambers are not composed in a way to propagate liberal ideas, but one must see. What I wish is that my affairs, and the marriage to follow, were terminated. Victor and my son will join me in Italy as soon as they shall have . . . [illegible]. Write to me here always, until I give you another address.

"I have received two letters from the Emperor Alexander† in reply to mine, one of which is really superb. Such firm ideas of liberty in the head of such a man are a miracle. What I cannot conceive is why they do not get more good for France from it. What a state the Midi is in! and how calmly they take it. Party spirit has the same effect on all men.

"Sismondi‡ is here, ill and sad to a pitiful degree. He had too much fear of unkindness to expose himself thus. I received him in my house, and Majet, in his paper at Berne, the most impertinent of all, did not fail to say so. But what would friendship be, if one did not find it in misfortune? Besides, in political affairs I always find that there are but the . . . [illegible] . . . with whom one can count.

"Let me know what you think of the future.

"Adieu, till spring."

* Note p. 446.

† The Emperor Alexander I. of Russia.

LETTER OF MME. DE STAËL TO M. BENJ. CONSTANT

"Pisa, 14th January (1816).

"My address is Florence, Tuscany, care of MM. Donat and Orsi.

"I have had news of you continually; it would be impossible for me to ignore your fate. You do well in going to England; you will forget party spirit in France, but think well, nevertheless, before closing its doors to you by a book; imagination stops before the irreparable. I have at last obtained the dispensation from Rome, and have sent it to be legalized in Paris. Victor de Broglie and my son will bring it back, and the marriage must take place in Florence, where we shall have a protestant minister. There my plans end, for rumors of plague in the south of Italy still give me occasion to fear exposing M. de Rocca to quarantine more than to the disease. In any case we all wish to be reunited at Coppet in June. There the *skies of our saint are spread above us*. I have ordered the statue of my father from Tieck* at Carrara, and I will place it on the great staircase at Coppet, until they come to take it from me to put up in the Hôtel de Ville.

"That will be when there is liberty in France, and as there will be liberty, it will be. Bonaparte was the real enemy of liberty in the world; it is most unfortunate that he did not die at Fontainebleau; we should then be advancing instead of retreating. What a spectacle Italy is! I no longer recognize her, for havoc has swallowed up the ruins. If you are in England I shall see you. If I live, I must marry my son to a beautiful, rich, and amiable English girl. They would make, after me, a fine dwelling-place of Coppet, where the name of my father would preside. The nearer I approach my

own end, the more I feel his hand stretching over me. If, as I hope, M. de Rocca recovers, I should be able to say I am happier now than I have ever been.

[A piece of letter is missing here.]

"I am much moved at Albertine's marriage, but I am very pleased. Victor is conscious of a quality in his soul, from which his mind will never make him depart. Let me have news of you. Come near us when you can, and have faith in honest people; you will always find them when you look for them."

LETTER FROM MME. DESTAËL TO M. BENJ. CONSTANT

"23rd February, Pisa, 1816.

"I leave my daughter to announce her marriage. Her feelings for you are sincere and I have never tried to lessen them. It is for her, then, to speak to you. By God's grace she is happy, and I congratulate myself more every day on having united her to a man of fine character. I wish you all the happiness you can keep. As for me, mine depends on Albertine's future, and on the restoration to health of my friend. If the other wishes are granted it will be luxury. Let us know your plans, and if England suits you."

(The continuation is by Albertine).

"My mother is right in saying that my feelings for you are not diminished. All the great emotions of my life make me wish to think of you and speak to you. I bless God for the choice I have made. My admiration for Victor's character increases daily. This feeling of perfect confidence in the nobility of soul of the man one marries is a great happiness. I hope, for my part, never to be unworthy of him, and we shall be able to complete each other mutually. His heart is so pure that even though he is not so religious as I would wish, it seems impossible to me that the protection of God should not descend on him, for there is only a misunderstanding of words between him and perfect belief. You see that I

* Friedrich Tieck, a brother of the writer, a friend of the Schlegel brothers, and through them a protégé of Mme. de Staël, born in 1776 at Berlin, and a well-known sculptor, an imitator of Greek art, many of his works are in the Berlin Museum. He made many busts, among them one of Goethe. In 1809 Bonstetten wrote to Frederike Brun: "Tieck is to arrive; nothing is droller than to hear them speak of this great artist" (at Coppet); "If one believes them, Canova and Thorwaldsen are nothing beside him."

speak of myself to you, confident of not boring you. Send us news of yourself in care of Messrs. Donati and Orsi, at Florence. We are going there to-morrow; we shall spend three months there and then return to Switzerland. Good-bye, dear friend. What a sad combination of circumstances was neces-

sary to prevent you from being present at my wedding. I would not have believed it six years ago! But it does not matter; love me still, and perhaps we shall understand each other once in this world. Victor wishes to be remembered to you; he is really most tenderly attached to you."

Recent Histories

Reviewed by GEORGE L. BEER

IF one were to judge solely by the number of histories published, it would appear that history is the favorite intellectual diet of a vast multitude. The demand is seemingly insatiable, and the publishers see to it that this demand is, at least partially, supplied. Yet the statistics of our public libraries do not bear out the view that history is widely read. Must one then perforce conclude that the bulky volumes yearly produced by the presses of the world in ever-increasing profusion are bought mainly for decorative purposes, because a "gentleman's library" would be incomplete without them? To a certain extent this is true. It leaves out, however, two other great factors in the demand: on the one hand, the desire of the college teacher to have the latest results of research in compact shape at the disposal of his scholars, and on the other, the rapidly growing number of public libraries, no one of which can afford to leave off its shelves any work to any degree authoritative. The most marked characteristic of recent historical publications, designed primarily for the vast general reading public, in contradistinction to the small world of professional scholars, is the use of the principle of co-operation. Under the supervision of an editor, whose duty is to secure uniformity of treatment and due proportion, the services of a number of scholars are called into requisition, each one being assigned the treatment of the era or subject for which he is especially fitted. During the last decade histories of the world,

histories of Europe, and histories of particular nations have in great numbers been written on this general scheme. The main aim of these works is not to advance knowledge, but merely to put the results of detailed research in compact and easily available shape. It would appear that this work is greatly overdone, as there is much useless duplication and consequent waste of energy. Several such works on American history are now appearing, and two co-operative histories of England were started last year.* One is edited by two competent English scholars, William Hunt, the president of the Royal Historical Society, and Reginald Lane Poole, the editor of the *English Historical Review*, and will narrate the political history of England in twelve large volumes from the beginning to the opening of the present century. The other series is edited by C. W. C. Oman, an indefatigable English publicist, who was recently elected Chichele Professor of Modern History at Oxford in succession to that virile and attractive writer, Montagu Burrows. This series is to be in only six volumes of approximately the same size as the Hunt series, but it stops with the reconstruction of Europe in 1815, thus leaving out the nineteenth century, to which the

* The Political History of England. Edited by William Hunt and Reginald Lane Poole. Vol. II., 1066-1216, by G. B. Adams; Vol. III., 1216-1377, by T. F. Tout; Vol. X., 1760-1801, by William Hunt. Longmans.
A History of England. Edited by C. W. C. Oman. Vol. II., 1066-1272, by H. W. C. Davis; Vol. IV., 1483-1603, by Arthur D. Innes. Putnam.

Hunt series devotes two volumes. In the distribution of space to each period, the fundamental distinction between the two series is the comparatively greater attention paid to the mediæval period by that of Oman. The first three volumes of the Oman series cover the same years as the first four in the other, bringing the narrative down to the reign of the first Tudor monarch. At this period modern England really begins, and from this date on one volume in the Oman series treats the same period as is treated in two of the Hunt series. In method of treatment the two series differ in that more stress is laid on description and less on chronological narrative in the Oman series. If there is any rivalry between the two projects, it can be only of a friendly nature, for Oman, the editor of one, contributes a volume to the other.

Of the volumes thus far published that of Adams in the Hunt series covers somewhat less ground than that of Davis, but as in the main they treat of the same period, they are convenient for purposes of comparison. The two books are essentially similar in character. Both are strictly political histories, predominantly narrative and chronological in character, of the typically orthodox school of history, showing no traces of the heated and widespread controversy as to the nature and scope of history. Except for two chapters in Davis's book on general conditions in England, both bear out Freeman's dictum that "history is past politics." Seemingly this was the result of the editor's plan of the series, at least in so far as Adams—the only American contributor to either series—was concerned; for his own unfettered ideas as to the proper treatment of history, as embodied in his "Civilization during the Middle Ages," are distinctly different. Both books are based closely on the original sources, and are distinctly solid pieces of work. From the literary standpoint that of Davis' is superior; his touch is lighter and he has boldly given in the text his own interpretation of disputed points, while calling attention in the footnotes to divergent interpretations by other au-

thorities. Adams is more cautious, and if there is any doubt, he is careful to embody it in the text. An erudite scholar, Professor Tout, takes the narrative where Adams breaks off, and carries it down to the accession of Richard II., in 1377. It is essentially similar in character to the preceding volume in the series, though it contains a short chapter on general social conditions. The descriptive and critical account of the authorities, printed as an appendix, is of noteworthy excellence.

The Tudor period, treated by Arthur D. Innes in the Oman series, is of supreme importance, but it is not by any means solely on account of this fact that this volume is by far the most interesting and readable in either series. Trevelyan's volume on the Stuart era, which appeared some time ago, is excepted from this general statement. Innes wisely discarded the stiff chronological method and the purely narrative style, and adopted a judicious combination of narration and description. He grouped large categories of connected facts for separate treatment, and in addition transgressed the narrow bounds of purely political history, describing the religious and social movements which are inseparably connected with purely political events, and make them comprehensible.

William Hunt has contributed a volume to the series he is editing, on the momentous years from 1760-1801, which include within their limits the American Revolution and also that in France, the Irish rebellion, and the subsequent union with Great Britain. The first half of this period, whose predominant feature was the separation of the continental American colonies from the mother country, has never been adequately treated in detail, nor has it as a whole, except in the case of Lecky been approached in a non-partisan spirit. The bane of English historiography is that the strong party feeling in present politics appears prominently in the discussion of past events, with the inevitably resulting distortion and exaggeration. Trevelyan is a Whig, and everything advocated by a Tory must be *ipso facto* wrong. American writers have as a rule

been affected by what has been neatly called "filio-pietism," which blinded them to any faults in their ancestors and to any good qualities in their opponents. This was notoriously Bancroft's attitude. Besides, the existing mass of absolutely indispensable material in the English Record Office has never been adequately studied. Hunt has made some slight excursions into this unexplored realm, but the chief merit of his work consists, not in the new material brought to light, but in his courage in speaking the truth, both

about the victors and the vanquished in the contest leading up to the independence of the United States. Though on some points he errs, especially in the treatment of the old colonial system, and though his explanation of the underlying causes of the revolt will probably have to be modified, still American readers should be grateful for an account which is human and intelligible, and brings the Revolution down from the realm of poetry into that of the humdrum world of fallible mortals in which it was fought.

Love's Blossoming.

WHEN soft on the hillside the spring winds were blowing,
 And summer stirred sleepily under the sod,—
 When through the cold earth the warm consciousness stealing
 Brought violets voicing the whispers of God;
 When out of the silence came bird notes appealing,
 And nest-builders darted abroad on swift wing,—
 Like song, in my heart, came the love of you stealing,
 As sweet as the meadow-lark's greeting to spring.

Like blossoming May was your love's first beginning,
 With fragrance half-wild, and a dream of a flush;
 When I told you I loved you, your shy assent winning,
 June's glorious roses were throned in your blush.
 Now . . . deeper and dearer your love than in Junetide,
 And goal of the midsummer bee is my goal—
 For as sweets in the heart of the lily at noontide,
 The goal of your love in the white of your soul!

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

Tennyson's Annotations to "In Memoriam"

By W. J. ROLFE

MANY books on Tennyson's "In Memoriam" have been published, both in England and in this country, but no annotated edition of the poem (that is, giving the text with the commentary), so far as I am aware, appeared before mine of 1895; and this new one, edited by the present Lord Tennyson, is the only one of more recent date. According to the title page it is "annotated by the author," who left certain notes in his own handwriting, dictated others to his son, "went through the proofs and corrected them, and sanctioned their publication" under their present editorship.

The introduction by the editor is mainly taken from his "Memoir" of the poet, and includes the sketch of Arthur Hallam's life, the extract from Gladstone's review of "In Memoriam" (which Tennyson regarded as "one of the ablest"), the long and extremely interesting letter by Professor Henry Sidgwick concerning the poem, and some minor matter of the same general character; together with three omitted "sections" of the poem which the author "thought redundant," etc.

The poet's own notes, though comparatively few and brief, are of peculiar interest because of their authorship. Some of them had already appeared in Rev. Alfred Gatty's "Key" to the poem, in the third edition of which (1885) they were printed in italics; in Mr. Knowles's reminiscences of conversations with Tennyson, who read the poem to him; and elsewhere. The majority of the rest confirm the explanations given by the commentators and critics, and by myself, but occasionally they furnish fresh information on allusions and obscurities about which the critics have disagreed.

The editor's additions to his father's notes are often of interest. The ques-

tion as to the poet referred to in the first stanza of the poem proper as

him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones.

was settled long ago in one of Gatty's italicized notes; but, though "divers tones" is in no sense obscure, we are glad to have our editor's note upon it: "My father would often say, 'Goethe is consummate in so many different styles.'" Section xix. of the poem we might suspect was written in the neighborhood of Clevedon, but we have now the exact locality: "Written at Tintern Abbey." The poet himself remarks that the reference to the tide that "hushes half the babbling Wye" was "taken from my own observation—the rapids of the Wye are stilled by the incoming sea."

Some of the poet's notes might strike the reader as superfluous; as, for instance, when he explains "the blowing season" in xxxviii. as "the blossoming season"; but I see by reference to Gatty's book that he seems to have found it necessary to interpret it for the benefit of that reverend commentator.

The first stanza of xlv. has puzzled many people:

How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.

Tennyson's note confirms the interpretation of the last line which I give in my edition—the only one possible from the context, though I may not have been the first to print it:

"Closing of the skull after babyhood. The dead after this life may have no remembrance of life, like the living babe who forgets the time before the sutures of the skull are closed; yet the babe grows in knowledge, and though

the remembrance of his earliest days has vanished, yet with his increasing knowledge there comes a dreamy vision of what has been; it may be so with the dead; if so, resolve my doubts," etc.

The author of an American edition of selections from "In Memoriam" (as also of sundry schoolbooks on rhetoric, etc.) takes the allusion to be to extreme old age, the "doorways of the head" being "the senses," which are impaired or lost with the lapse of years.

In one or two instances I find a note from the poet on a passage which had seemed to me so clear that I made no reference to it in my edition; as on this stanza of xli.:

For though my nature rarely yields
To that vague fear implied in death,
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields,

Elsewhere in the poem Tennyson indicates his disbelief in everlasting punishment; and his son tells us that he was keenly disappointed that in the Revised Version, in the passage "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire," the word "everlasting" had not been "altered into 'æonian' or some such word; for he never could believe that Christ would preach everlasting punishment."

His note on the present passage is, "The eternal miseries of the Inferno." His son adds: "I have thought that 'forgotten fields' implies not dwelt on, and so disregarded—a creed that is outworn; but Sir Richard Jebb writes: 'I have not been able to find any verbal parallel for the phrase "forgotten fields," or reference to the nether world. I think that "God-forgotten"—outcast—is the most probable explanation. Cf. *ἀφες* in Sophocles, *O. T.* 661." The explanation that had occurred to the editor is certainly the correct one, and Sir Richard's is far-fetched and inadmissible.

-A few of the notes are credited to Lady Tennyson, and they are among the best in the book; like this on section xcvi.: "Love finds his image everywhere. The relation of one on earth to one in the other world is as a

wife's love for her husband after a love which has been at first demonstrative. Now he is compelled to be wrapt in matters dark and deep. Although he seems distant, she knows that he loves her as well as before, for she loves him in all true faith." This is a lesson for wives withal.

Here is another of her notes—on ciii.: "I have a dream which comforts me on leaving the old home and brings me content. The departure suggests the departure of death, and my reunion with him. I have grown in spiritual grace as he has. The gorgeous sky at the end of the section typifies the glory of the hope in that which is to be."

According to a note by the poet, lxxxvi. was "written at Barmouth" (in Wales). Knowles said that Tennyson told him that "this was one of the poems he liked," and that it "was written at Bournemouth" (on the south coast of England). Both agree that the "ambrosial air" was the west wind, which at Barmouth, one would suppose, would come from the sea rather than

over brake and bloom

And meadow;

but the writer might have been far enough inland for this to be true, and the latter part of the description suggests that the wind was also blowing over the water. Besides, Knowles's comment is somewhat confused, for he speaks of the wind as "rolling to the eastern seas till it meets the evening star." It would have to roll round the globe to do that. The "orient star" is explained by the poet as "any rising star," which could not be "the evening star."

I note a few misprints in the commentary, the worst of which is in the editor's quotation from "Comus," where "scout" is perverted into "scent" in

Ere the blabbing eastern scout,
The nice morn on the Indian steep,
From her cabin'd loophole peep.

In a note on lxxi. the visit of Tennyson and Arthur Hallam to the Pyrenees is said to have been "in 1832"; but there is a reference to the "*Memoir*, i. 51," where the date is correctly given as 1830. This journey is alluded to in

the lines "In the Valley of Cauteretz," written in 1861 (though not printed until 1864) when the poet revisited the region:

All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years
ago.

One might infer from the "two and thirty" that the journey was in 1829, but the dates of both visits are fixed by other evidence. Arthur Hugh Clough, who was in the Pyrenees in 1861 and met Tennyson there, refers to the poet's former visit as "thirty-one years ago." It is probable that the latter changed it in the verses for the sake of euphony. The line "I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago" would be seriously marred if "one" were substituted for "two." Mr. Waugh, in his book on Tennyson, gives the dates of the journeys as 1830 and 1861, but refers to the former as "thirty-two years" before the latter.

I have referred above to Gladstone's tribute to Arthur Hallam quoted by Lord Tennyson in the "Memoir" and in the present volume. I also quoted it in my edition of "In Memoriam," a copy of which I sent to Gladstone. In the note acknowledging it he expressed a doubt concerning the authenticity of the passage ascribed to him, and asked me where I had found it. I referred him to the English book from which I had taken it and begged that he would inform me if it had been wrongly attributed to him, in order that I might make the necessary correction in my next edition. He did not write again, and two years later, when the "Memoir"

appeared, I found the passage quoted there and credited to Gladstone's "Gleanings of Past Years"; there it is credited to the *Quarterly Review* for October 1859. A foot-note in the book states that the sentence beginning "The writer of this paper" and ending with the quotation "I marked him," etc., "has now (1878) been added." It is curious that Gladstone, after reprinting it and adding to it in 1878, should apparently have forgotten that he wrote it.

The early reviewers of "In Memoriam" said that Tennyson had taken the form of the stanza from Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and others noted that Ben Jonson and Sir Philip Sidney had used it. No one, so far as I am aware, has observed that Shakespeare had already employed it (so far as the rhyme arrangement is concerned) in "The Phoenix and the Turtle." Tennyson said that he believed himself "the originator of the metre."

Some of Lord Herbert's stanzas are singularly Tennysonian in diction as well as rhythm—these for instance:

These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
These hands again thine hands enfold,
And all chaste blessings can be told
Shall with us everlasting be.

For if no use of sense remain
When bodies once this life forsake,
Or they could no delight partake,
Why should they ever rise again?

And yet we may infer that Tennyson had never seen Herbert's volume, which is very rare and scarcely known even to critical students of early English poetry.



Homilies and Critical Studies

By H. W. BOYNTON

AFTER the passage of a full quarter-century, Professor Richardson's treatise on the choice and use of books* remains the most complete, the most reasonable, and one of the most readable of books hitherto written on that head. A good many such books now exist, but the comprehensive ones incline to dryness, and the brilliant ones to inconsequence. There is nothing either brilliant or haphazard about Professor Richardson's method of procedure. He defines his terms before he undertakes to use them; and evidently has a perfectly clear notion of what his whole structure is to be before he lays the first stone. Yet he is not pedantic. Each of the brief essays which make up his chapters (they were originally printed as "weekly contributions to a literary newspaper") is complete in itself; taken together they compose a thorough-going treatise. Nor is the writer's attitude toward literature hide-bound or academic. He insists that the relation between a man and a book amounts to nothing unless it is based upon enjoyment. "The real value of any book to a particular reader is to be measured by its serviceableness to that reader." And the cultivation of a taste which shall make only the best books serviceable is the object which Professor Richardson sets most clearly before the reader. In any method of determining absolutely what are the best books, he has no faith. The best books are those which have commended themselves for a long time to the best and wisest people. "In the long run nothing but truth, simplicity, purity, and a lofty purpose approves a book to the favor of the sages; and nothing else ought to approve it to the individual reader. Thus the end is reached and the choice is made, not by taking a book because a 'course of reading' commands you to do so, but because you come to see for yourself the wisdom of the

selection." The writer has a word of quiet irony for the dry-as-dusts and the hundred-best-books people. For himself, he would have the pursuit of good books engaged in not as a prescribed task, but as a journey through fair regions in which the experience of most intelligent travellers promises him a profitable delight. "If we devote to books the hours or the minutes we can catch, and choose our reading with a full sense of the wideness of the field of selection and the narrowness of the time in which we can work in that field, we shall hardly go astray in our decision." It remains to be said that the original substance of the treatise is admirably supplemented by seasonable quotations of all the best things that have been said about reading by the best men, from Bacon to Schopenhauer, and from Addison to Emerson. An important part of the book is the hundred and seventy pages of "Suggestions for Household Libraries," comprising lists so varied and full as to give ample scope for selection of any one of a score of excellent private libraries; the special flavor and limitations of any given collection to depend, if Professor Richardson's counsel is followed, upon the individual bent and capacity of the given household.

The papers on books and reading in Dr. van Dyke's new volume of essays† are naturally of a more casual sort. We look to their author not for complete treatises, but for extempore homilies of an intimate and suggestive value. The speaking quality is unmistakable, we are but listening to good talk from an easy-chair or from a pulpit. Such good talk does not always stand the test of repeated readings.

For example, in his little essay on "The Flood of Books" the talker says: "Reading is a habit. Writing is a gift. Both may be cultivated. But I suppose there is this difference between them: the habit may be acquired by

*"The Choice of Books." By Charles F. Richardson. New York and London, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1905.

†"Essays in Application." By Henry van Dyke. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1905.

any who will; the gift can be developed only by those who have it in them to begin with." Definitions are dull things, but they are necessary as a basis for any intelligible generalization. By writing, Dr. van Dyke evidently means creative writing; and for that there must be a born gift. But for the highest kind of reading also there must be a born gift; it is patently untrue that anybody can acquire the art of reading, though anybody can get used to covering a certain number of pages in the course of the month or year. Anybody, on the other hand, can acquire the habit of writing. The real contrast is not between reading and writing, but between the cultivation of a habit and of an art. The problem which is under consideration is what is to be done to turn our "flood of books" to the best account. Dr. van Dyke's solution has the merit of comprehensiveness. "The only way to work it out is for the writers to try to write as well as they can, and for the publishers to publish the best that they can get, and for the great company of readers to bring a healthy appetite, a clean taste, and a good digestion to the feast that is prepared for them." We may assent to this cheerfully if we have a stomach for platform commonplaces; otherwise we shall deplore that vagueness and rhetoric should so often be the portion of the ready writer who is also an easy and applauded speaker.

How are a healthy appetite, a clean taste, and a good digestion to be cultivated? that is the really important problem; and it might be solved triumphantly if not another book were ever published. The importance of established standards of criticism is fitly emphasized: The development of public taste has been checked, says Dr. van Dyke, "by the fact that in America criticism has been so much confused with advertisement." We have ample reason to know that when the writer sets himself to it he produces valuable criticism; but it is hardly a critical faculty which we applaud vociferously when our "most effective speaker of the occasion" thus makes a platform

of the page: "We shall not need to ask any foreign critic to identify the typical American. He has arrived. He is no bully with his breeches tucked into his boots; he is no braggart with a wild, barbaric yawp. This typical American is a clear-eyed, level-headed, straightforward, educated, self-respecting gentleman with frank manners and firm convictions, who acts on the principle that

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
A man's a man for all that."

This is said in connection with an enumeration of the great gentlemen of American history; but it is subtly construed into a flattery. These men represent an American type; but in no sense the "typical American." The paper among the present series which is, on the whole, best worth reading, is that upon "The Creative Ideal of Education."

"There is a kind of reading," says Dr. van Dyke, "which is as passive as massage." To that kind of reading Mr. Crothers offers no opportunity. There are few appearances more innocently misleading than the nonchalance of such an essayist. He keeps us strolling in the right direction. What we take for his playthings may really be his most serviceable tools; each of his bubbles may reflect a world. In "The Pardoner's Wallet" * Mr. Crothers is less whimsical, but hardly less effective, than in "The Gentle Reader." Here he is concerned with life rather than books, and assumes the apologist for certain despised classes of humanity: the unco-guid, the ne'er-do-well, the man born an age too early or too late. The rôle of special pleader is one which especially offers itself to the discursive essayist. Often, however, as, by Mr. Chesterton, it appears to have been undertaken merely or mainly for the fun of the thing. The fun of the thing is obviously not a consideration altogether despised by Mr. Crothers; but it is never the main consideration.

* "The Pardoner's Wallet." By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1905

One is not in doubt as to whether these delightful homilies will bear rereading. "I suppose," says the Pardoner, "that the nature of each individual has its point of moral saturation. When this point is reached, it is of no use to continue exhortation or rebuke or any kind of didactic effort. Even the finest quality of righteous indignation will no longer soak in. With me the point of moral saturation comes when I attend successively more meetings of a reformatory and denunciatory character than nature intended me to profit by. If they are well distributed in point of time, I can take in a considerable number of good causes and earnestly reprobate an equal number of crying evils. But there is a certain monotony of rebuke which I am sure is not beneficial to persons of my disposition. That some things are wrong I admit, but when I am peremptorily ordered to believe that everything is wrong, it arouses in me a certain obstinacy of contradiction." This is his modest way of putting it; his actual mode of procedure is not founded on hyperbole and paradox. He always has something distinct and reasonable to say, and, being a true humorist, it is his way to be often quaint, and hardly ever fantastic. His most serious word, perhaps, is spoken in defence, or rather recognition, of "the land of the large and charitable air." Hardly has there been a finer celebration of the West as "a state of mind"; a purer and freer America. "The psychological West begins at the point of interest where the centre of interest suddenly shifts from the day before yesterday to the day after to-morrow. Great expectations are treated with the respect that elsewhere had been reserved for accomplished facts. There is a stir in the air as if Humanity were a new family just setting up house-keeping. What a fine house it is, and how much room there is on the ground floor. What a great show it will make when all the furniture is in! There is no time now for finishing touches, but all will come in due order. There is need for unskilled labor and plenty of

it. Let every able-bodied man lend a hand."

Readers who are unacquainted with Mr. Crothers's graver manner will do well to get hold of his recent Ingersoll Lecture on Immortality, now published in a little volume.* Its substance is condensed, or rather suggested, by the final sentence: "Conscious of the divine quality of the present life, one can afford to wait for the thing which does not yet appear."

Elisabeth Luther Cary would appear to have done, in her study of Henry James,† pretty much all for him that it is possible for an ardent disciple to do at this time. That the biographer or critic of contemporary or late lamented writers should be first of all an ardent admirer is now a popular theory. Perhaps, for such a purpose, that extreme of *parti pris* is better than the other. But the world as a whole is disposed toward neither extreme; and is quite as likely to refuse a nibble of something it does not especially like the look of, when requested to swallow it whole as when advised to nibble at it with caution. It would be a pity for us to turn away from Henry James; he is good nibbling, at least.

And this fact it may be salutary for us to keep in mind when, after reading the present monograph, we find ourselves still averse to a Jacobite gorge. When we have been told of James that "the interrogation of the invisible united to an unremitting effort toward completeness of evocation constitutes his extraordinary distinction" — we must realize that we are bidden to no casual banquet. The critic is, however, by no means a mouther of large phrases; the one in question is, one must own, intelligible enough in its context. If now and then the apparently irresistible tendency in followers of James to imitate his invertebrate

* "The Endless Life." By Samuel McChord Crothers. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1905.

† "The Novels of Henry James: A Study." By Elisabeth Luther Cary. New York and London. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905.

periods is manifest, the style is of the best according to its school. Richness and subtlety of texture are the qualities admired in the master's work; and simplicity of line would not be looked for from a disciple. Miss Cary is not a hesitant chronicler of James's career. She asks no quarter for those portions of his work which seem to many well-disposed persons to o'erleap themselves not a little, in the direction of a mere elaborate tenuity. She observes a steady growth in power from "Roderick Hudson" to "The Golden Bowl." His technical curiosity, his ability to represent life pictorially by a multiplicity of fine observations, runs hand in hand with a curiosity far more unusual and far more difficult to satisfy, a curiosity as to moral states and responsible affections." There is no denying that both these kinds of curiosity are manifested at their extreme in "The Wings of a Dove" and "The Golden Bowl." Nowhere is Mr. James's power of presenting character by a process of slow increment, nowhere is what Mrs. Cary admirably calls his "decorative fancy," more in evidence. Whether these later stories give evidence also of "an imagination of the most vital sort" is a question less readily to be answered by most of us. We have here, at all events, a strong and reasonable argument in the affirmative. Mrs. Cary believes Mr. James to be a consummate artist; and, as such, possessed of an imagination as strong as his intellect and his moral sense. The thorough bibliography appended gives the book added value as a manual.

Mr. Woodberry's monograph on Swinburne is *also in no slight sense

the work of a disciple; as those who are familiar with the critic's poetry (and it is far too little known) must feel. "Liberty, melody, passion, fate, nature, love, and fame, are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from its first almost boyhood touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two-score years with music that has been blown through the world." Somewhat curiously, it seems, the passion of liberty is placed first in order of importance; "the simplest aspect of his genius lies in his revolutionary songs." This love of human freedom, however, was no more than Swinburne's other passions, the outgrowth of direct personal experience of life. Mr. Woodberry lays much stress upon his scholarship, his "provenience from literature;" and admits that "the revolutionary cause, even, was for him a literary heirloom from the poets." This we can very well credit. There is, indeed, only one aspect of Swinburne which obviously does not derive from literature. He is the supreme poet of the love of the body as detached from, though always yearning toward, the love of the spirit. He is not Pagan; he is not Christian; he is neither a faun nor a *roué*. He is the voice of a desire which knows itself to be sterile:

"For desire is a respite from love, and the flesh
not the heart is her fuel."

This is not the languid note of decadence: it is a cry of torture such as may be heard in any sophisticated age from this or that uneasy spirit which finds in the summons of the body a constraint equally imperious and debasing. It is the greatest of all such cries which the world has yet heard; it was not "provenient" from literature, but from a human soul.

*"Swinburne." By George Edward Woodberry. Contemporary Men of Letters Series. New York. McClure, Phillips & Co. 1905.



"Fiona Macleod"

By LILIAN REA

THE death of the well-known English critic and poet, William Sharp, has made public the fact of his identity with Fiona Macleod, the Highland poet and romancist. Now that the revelation has been made, it seems allowable to discuss the question of this wonderful dual personality—a question which lies deeper than the mere fact of a man hiding his identity under the pseudonym of a woman. Knowing Mr. Sharp intimately for many years, I can not only vouch for the reality of his being Fiona Macleod (which has been doubted by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of the English *Bookman*, and others), but it was my privilege to watch the development of the woman's side of his nature in her personality, as well as to hear his own explanation of these two souls that "dwelt in one breast." In him seemed to live again the child of Hermes and Aphrodite, the twain that became one flesh—man and woman in one. At times Hermes was predominant, working along the lines of art and literary criticism, research, and occasional strange, but essentially virile, fancies. Again, the woman would blot out all trace of the critic and compiler, in wild flights of fancy, intuition, and mysticism—wherein her genius usually manifested itself.

Much wonder has been expressed in the English papers that Mr. Sharp never revealed his identity as Fiona Macleod even after her success became assured. After the publication of the "Sin-Eater" especially, one of her strongest books, much curiosity was felt as to who the author really was: William Sharp was strongly suspected first of all; then his wife; then a syndicate of young Celtic writers; Mr. W. B. Yeats and Miss Norah Hopper in conjunction, Miss Maud Gonne, the well-known Irish politician, and even a broken-down journalist in Fleet Street were taxed with it, but the excitement

gradually died down, and Miss Macleod was accepted as a literary fact.

Personally I should explain Mr. Sharp's unbroken reticence on this point by a certain delicacy which he felt in acknowledging his belief to the world at large that a woman's soul really lived within himself in dual unity with his distinct man's nature. Such a phenomenon is not a mere mythological fancy, but has existed in many ages of the world, and Mr. Sharp was, in my opinion, an example of that strange phase of nature. Be that as it may, while his two styles approach each other closely on the mystical side—as in William Sharp's "Vistas," for instance, and any of Miss Macleod's books—they are usually very distinct, and Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in refuting the possibility of their identity, voices the idea that at once occurs to the reader familiar with Mr. Sharp's own writing in first reading a book of Fiona Macleod's. He is reported to base his doubt on the opinion that "Fiona Macleod's best work discloses knowledge and power which Mr. Sharp did not possess." One feels instinctively that Fiona Macleod was a more inspired writer than William Sharp—that she may have been *his* model, but one that *he* could never equal: that in her work there is a touch of genius never perceptible in his. Both he and his friends who were in the secret looked upon her as quite a distinct personality; he himself always spoke of her either as "Miss Macleod" or "Fiona," and it was in her that he had most pride. Himself Highland born, he loved to claim for this other half of his a life in the Hebrides remote from the sordid world where he had been obliged to live for many years: she was his dream self—she could do all and dream all that he would never be able to—she could not only give herself up to a passionate love of Nature and lead a life of intimate comradeship

with it, but it was not essential for her to mix with the Sassenach: she was free to be a real Celt with the "Celtic joy in the life of Nature," the Celtic vision, the visionary rapture and passion of the poet. The description of Lora, the heroine of Miss Macleod's first book, "Pharais," is autobiographical of this dream self, as are also certain portions of "Green Fire": Innisron, for instance, in the first-named, representing the far-away island where she was supposed to be born, the historic island of Iona.

In 1893, shortly after writing, as William Sharp, the woman's letters in the book called "A Fellowe and His Wife"—the man's letters being written by Blanche Willis Howard—Fiona Macleod published her first long story, "Pharais" (Paradise), her first literary experiment having been a short story entitled "The Last Fantasy of James Achanna"—a name which frequently reappears in the volume of the "Sin-Eater." This story was declined by the *Scots Observer*, but the refusal was accompanied by words of such genuine encouragement that Miss Macleod showed her appreciation of the editor's criticism by never again offering it for publication. "Pharais" is too mystical and romantic ever to become a widely read or popular work—its characters are not creatures of flesh and blood, but dream figures, whose motions are graceful and beautiful even though they themselves may never come into direct relation with the passions and problems, circumstances and environment, of real people. It, like all of her books, is full of that *Anima Celtica* for the keeping alive of which she and so many others have striven ardently, and which she herself thus describes:

Blue are the hills that are far from us. Dear saying of the Gael whose soul as well as whose heart speaks therein. Far hills, recede, recede! Dim veils of blue, woven from within and without, haunt us, allure us, always, always!

Another quality that the practical half of this dual personality relegated to his dream self was a deep Panthe-

ism—a Scottish Pantheism, to be sure, and one that differs from the Greek even as the wild scenery of the remote Hebrides differs from the soft airs and warm tints of the Grecian Isles. Deeply spiritual, and impregnated with a strong sense of mystery and dread, it is the outcome of the close observation of the person who has lived by night and by day, in storm and in fair weather, upon the sea and among the hills—it is full of an intimate fellowship and close alliance with Nature which can be expressed only by the half-human, mythological creatures of the woods and water. This instinct is intense throughout "Pharais": the young Alastair, the hero, upon whom madness—the "mind-dark"—has come, quite naturally wandering to the sea, and living there among the rocks like a wild thing.

Yet, even as all "Pharais" is full of the sea mist and charm, so the next book, "The Mountain Lovers," interprets the beauty of pine woods and of sparkling waters tumbling down from the high hills. The story here is treated in a more dramatic and less lyric manner, and though the human relations remain the least satisfactory part of the book, still the mountain breezes often clear away the mist.

But, in spite of the alluring charm of these two romances, critics agree that Fiona Macleod's best work is found in the short barbaric tales and tragic stories of the Scottish Islands contained in a volume entitled, after the tragic tale which opens the collection, "The Sin-Eater." There are those even among the Scottish people themselves who deny the assertion that the inheritance of the Gael is "the beauty of the world, the pathos of life, the gloom, the fatalism, the spiritual glamour," understanding least of all the gloom; and to such these stories of Fiona Macleod's will not so much appeal as to those others who, like Oscar Wilde, cry out for mystery in art, to them who love weird imaginings for their very remoteness from everyday life. They were dedicated to George Meredith "in gratitude and homage: and as the Prince of Celtdom," and ever since reading this

book, he has been one of Miss Macleod's great admirers, writing her soon after that he was in the habit of reading almost every day the story of Alison Achanna, the "Anointed Man"—a story which describes how Alison Achanna, when lying in the heather one day, was touched with the Fairy Ointment, and how ever afterwards he saw the most hideous and sordid sides of life with the white light of beauty upon them.

Two distinct strains are apparent in the volume of short tales entitled "The Washer of the Ford, and other Legendary Moralities," i. e., the spiritual and the barbaric: "The Song of the Sword," "The Laughter of the Queen," and the "Flight of the Culdees" are full of the angry clashing of steel, the swift approach of the war-galleys, and the flamelike leaping up of the passions of those early, solitary, and bloodthirsty Celts; while "The Last Supper," "The Fisher of Men," "Ula and Urla," "The Three Marvels of Hy," and "Muime Chriosd, the Foster Mother of Christ," illustrate the author's romantic and imaginative spirituality, her power of weaving with the mediæval magic of such well-known scenes as the Last Supper and the Repentance of the Magdalen the most modern psychology, and of enriching their everlasting significance with the continuous development of thought and experience through the ages. They are, in fact—to use the words of her own superscription to one of the *Spiritual Tales*—"beautiful things made new."

The prose romance of "Green Fire" goes back again to the purely Celtic spirit of the blue hills that recede. The scene of the first and last chapters is laid in Brittany, the others have the Hebrides as background: in it, as the title promises, there is everywhere the magic of Spring in Nature as in life.

O green fire of life, pulse of the world! O Love!
O Youth! O Dream of Dreams!

In the beauty of the world lies the ultimate redemption of our mortality. When we shall become at one with nature in a sense profounder even than

the poetic imaginings of most of us, we shall understand what we now fail to discern. The arrogance of those who would have the stars as candles for our night, and the universe as a pleasure for our thought, will be as impossible as their blind fatuity who say we are of dust briefly vitalized, that we shall be dust again, with no fragrance saved from the rude bankruptcy of life, no beauty raised up against the sun to bloom anew.

"From the Hills of Dream" is the significant title of a collection of all the love poems and lyric runes which are scattered throughout the several books Fiona Macleod has published, containing as well a great many poems which have not appeared elsewhere. The last section, entitled "The Silence of Amor," consists of twenty five prose fancies steeped in the atmosphere of love yet never naming the word. Love is here a vague longing, "a wandering voice, a flame-winged lute player whom none sees but for a moment, in a rainbow shimmer of joy, or a sudden lightning flare of passion"—love engendered on the Hills of Dream. The poet sings:

O come, come to me, Weaver of Dream!

and it is in the island solitude that, in these days of restless striving and impatient haste, the Weaver of Dream is most surely to be found. The inspiration of this book is shown in the first poem:

Across the silent stream
Where the slumber shadows go,
From the blue Hills of Dream
I have heard the west wind blow.

Who hath seen that fragrant land
Who hath seen that unscanned west?
Only the listless hand
And the unpulsing breast.

But when the west wind blows
I see moon-lances gleam
Where the Host of Faerie flows
Athwart the Hills of Dream.

And a strange song I have heard
By a shadowy stream,
And the singing of a snow-white bird
On the Hills of Dream.

In addition to the books mentioned, Fiona Macleod wrote a number of others, among them: "The Dominion of Dreams," "The Devine Adventure," and two or three plays, all with the same general characteristics; but none of her work has, in my opinion, ever surpassed the volume of "The Sin-Eater" in power and imaginative beauty.

With the passing of William Sharp "across the silent stream where the slumber shadows go," Fiona Macleod

has retired forever to the Hills of Dream, her home, from whence her voice comes out into this prosaic, hurrying world of ours with its message to the Few—to those who listen in the throbbing noontide, alone on the hills or on the sea; to the message of Nature. Through her, this voice tells of the strength and beauty of the body, of the close kinship of Man with Beast and Bird, with Flower and Tree, speaking its message, moreover, in words beautiful and rhythmic.

Idle Notes

By AN IDLE READER.

I HAVE been a novel-reader since the tender age of half-past five, when I wrestled with "John Godfrey's Fortunes," that plump, substantial volume in which Bayard Taylor mingled certain of his own youthful experiences with those of his hero. Is anybody else now alive, I wonder, who read "John Godfrey's Fortunes"? The wood-sawyer in the back yard (whose name was also Taylor) was the object of my awed observation, for I had an inner assurance that he wrote the book, though the secret of its authorship seemed to be known only to myself, and I shrank from confiding it to any grown-up.

It is a far cry from those days to these, but having read all the good novels and most of the bad ones published in the meantime, I am quite positive that in the last two years the sacred fires have been waning. Just as fiction has become an accepted fact and all the text-books are telling that the development of the novel is one of the significant symptoms of our generation, suddenly the development of the novel is checked. The great names begin to turn out fiction that is a little dry, a little wooden as compared to the masterpieces of their prime. Is this true, or is it that the palate of the taster is failing? At all events, one no longer sits up o' nights to finish Mr. Henry James, or snaps

at whoever interrupts the perusal of Mrs. Ward. And the five really arresting novels of the last twelve-month have been "Broke of Covenden," "The Divine Fire," "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," "The Shadow of Life," and "The House of Mirth." I mean, these are the books that, pre-eminently, bring fresh sensations to the novelist's palate, and give him anew the thrill that comes of finding in them something of life, sincerity, power, piquancy, or charm.

By the way, did no one but myself object to the "logical conclusion" of

Mrs. Wharton's Logical Conclusions

Mrs. Wharton's great novel on the ground that it was not logical? Lily Bart at her worst was too good to fight her world with its own weapons—hence her defeat. Had she been of a fibre to meet calumny with blackmail, all would have gone merrily. If, then, she does not belong to her apparent world, she does belong not so much to the Heaven to which she is condignly sent, as to some earthly circle where the folk are finer and their morals more civilized than in Bertha Dorset's set. Lily's real standards of behavior entitle her to a safe conduct from Vanity Fair to some less brutalizing environment, and any fair-minded creator would have provided her with one.

An overdose of chloral may be, in reality, a satisfactory substitute for a happy life, but while we are still on this side the grave, the demonstration is a little incomplete. Of course if Selden had not been a weak-kneed, finical, super-refined, yet unnecessarily low-minded cad (I would speak candidly with him, as man to man, if we could meet) Lily's fate would have been different. But making him such as he is, is one of Mrs. Wharton's most realistic strokes. In spite of humanity's long belief to the contrary, the real truth is that men never do make efficient substitutes for a kindly Providence in the working out of women's lives.

Probably writers never reflect upon the eagerness with which readers of a critical bias follow their development, or upon the pleasure the latter feel when that development is adequate and up to the promise of its start.

It is some seven years since I began to consider Miss Sedgwick's talent affectionately and—like a good child—in all that time it has never given me an hour's uneasiness. It has not followed the line one would have prophesied, nor the line of least resistance, but this makes it only the more interesting.

Her first novel, "The Dull Miss Archinard," showed clearly the genuine story-teller's gift, together with the power of making detail significant and absorbing. In "The Confounding of Camelia" there was added to these qualities a pretty psychology and a clear but not obtrusive ethical bias. As her talent stood, at that time, she seemed likely to become an up-to-date Miss Austen with a deeper sense of the seriousness of life. "The Rescue" was a most unusual achievement along a different line. Restrained, concise, dramatic, striking, it was a *tour de force* in that it made exquisite a theme—the love of a young man for a woman seventeen years his senior—which is by nature ridiculous or pathetic. The book still remains her unsurpassed

artistic achievement, not because her development has faltered, but because it has again changed direction. "Paths of Judgment" sunk the story more or less, and went deeply into the psychology of three futile, selfish souls of assorted types. These characters are set forth as completely as Mr. Henry James might do it, but make less exhausting demands upon the reader's intelligence and imagination than Mr. James's creations have done of late. Her new novel, "The Shadow of Life," is almost without incident, and the interest depends upon the sharply contrasted philosophical beliefs held by hero and heroine. This sounds difficult, but is not.

In "The Shadow of Life" Miss Sedgwick has written "an impossible love-story" with immense "The Shadow of Life" skill, delicacy, and grace. The book records the inner life of a man whose thoughts have more validity for him than his feelings—a type despised of Nature but treated here with grave consideration.

Gavan Palairt and Elspeth Gifford were child-friends. At fourteen Gavan is most unchildlike, selfless, and attaching. He is capable of intense affection and he has also that keen sense of the Divine which is seemingly innate in certain rare natures. At that age he knows that he would be unspeakably unwilling to live without God in the world, and yet is temperamentally Buddhist. "I am often so frightened. I get so lost sometimes that I can hardly believe that Some One is near me. And then the fear becomes a sort of numbness so that I hardly seem there myself. It's only loneliness while I melt and melt away into nothing. Even now when I look at that sky, the feeling creeps and creeps, that dreadful loneliness where there is n't any 'I' left to know that it's only—only a feeling."

This is Gavan the child. Gavan the man loses his hold on his religious faith, and seeking through the philosophies of the schools for truth finds only the finite self dissolving, a contradiction,

The Evolution of Miss Sedgwick

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and "its sense of moral freedom upon which are built all the valuations of life and all its sanctions, a self-deception."

By temperament it is easy for him to detach himself from Life the Dream, that is always seeking to draw him back and break him upon the Wheel of Things. It has no firm grasp of him even when he loves the grown-up Elspeth, who is the very lovely incarnation of an opposite philosophy, Elspeth who loves life and trusts it even while it slays her, believing always in "selves and love."

Only tragedy can result from the conflict of such natures. In actual life, love would probably be stronger than philosophy, but Gavan as Miss Sedgwick has conceived him is a thoroughly convincing if also a thoroughly exasperating character. Only one thing about him seems unlikely. So far as I have observed the evolutions of child-nature into maturity, the children who are born with that especial apprehension of the Divine never lose it. Philosophies fall from them harmlessly, and they measure religions by their own inner certitudes. Granting that Gavan might mislay his faith, the rest is inevitable.

If Miss Sedgwick were not herself, the critic might be tempted to deplore the fact that psychology or philosophy should preoccupy one who has also the rarer and more beneficent gift of making incident and detail alive for us. But, being Miss Sedgwick and writing, as she so evidently does, to please herself, to see what she can do, the one thing certain concerning her next piece of work is that it will bear no resemblance to "The Shadow of Life."

There could be no more acute contrast in heroes than between Gavan Palairot and the "Uncle William" of Mrs. Lee's new book. They are at opposite ends of the social scale, for Uncle William is a Nova Scotia fisherman, but he is, none the less, a finished expert in the art of living. All the philosophers from Spinoza to Schopenhauer taught poor Gavan, "drugged

with thought," nothing so valuable as the smallest bit of Uncle William's philosophy. He and Elspeth would have understood each other, and, just possibly, he might have done more than she for Gavan's mystic sickness of the mind. Where Gavan is Thought's fool, Uncle William is Life's sage.

Uncle William is big, benignant, gentle, and shrewd; he is slow and has even felt the imputation of "shif'less," but he has learned that "*Livin's* the thing to live for . . . the's a great deal of fun in it if you go at it right," and in every last atom of his body and soul he is "comf'tabul." Time belongs to him and the world, and even to pass him in the street is tonic. "Men who never saw him again recalled his face sometimes at night as they wakened for a minute from sleep. The big smile reached to them across time and gave them a sense of the goodness of life before they turned again and slept."

He not only knows—as, after a fashion, we all do—that a man's life consists not in the abundance of his possessions, but he is even aware—knowledge vouchsafed to few men—that excitement, interest, does not depend upon action. "It ain't exactly the things that happen."—He broke off looking at something far away. 'I've had things happen to me—shipwreck, you know—winds a blowin' and sousin' the deck—and a-gettin' out the boats and yellin' and shoutin'—seems 's if it ought to 'a' been excitin'. But, Lord! 't wan't nuthin' to what I've felt other times—times when it was all still—like on the island here—and big—so 's't you kind o' hear suthin' comin' to ye over the water. Why, some days it's been so 's I'd feel 's if I'd bust if I did n't do suthin'—suthin' to let off steam.'"

There is a story about an artist and his love, charming young people they are, but one values them most because they give Uncle William a chance to demonstrate himself. To my mind, as an antidote for nervous prostration and a general bracer, Uncle William throws the popular Mrs. Wiggs completely in the shade.

Fiction and Reform

By ELLIOTT FLOWER

THESE are great days for financial, political, and all other kinds of practical reform, but is the credit for this apportioned fairly?

A Governor here and a Mayor there and a District Attorney somewhere else deal vigorous and effective blows to corruption, and the public applauds. They are great men—incorruptible and strong men. Well, they are. I have no desire to detract in the least from the credit due them. In every case it has required courage and strength to fight the intrenched forces of evil. They have, in many cases, risked promising futures in what seemed to be a hopeless battle against existing conditions, and that they have, occasionally, profited in popularity as a result of their victories does not in the least affect the estimate of their sincerity and courage. Others, of whom we no longer hear, have wrecked their political prospects, and sometimes their material fortunes, in efforts to do what these men have done and are doing.

Why, then, should the reform leaders be so uniformly successful now? Are they stronger and more capable men?

Possibly. There can be no doubt that it is easier to elect fearlessly independent men to office now than it was a few years ago, so it may be that these are more capable and more courageous than certain others, of equally good intentions, who preceded them in office. The awakened public is looking at the man rather than at the party label, and the awakened public is also helping the man.

That explains a great deal. Some of these "strong men," who are accomplishing so much now, could not have done it ten years ago. Most of them admit it themselves. "We have had the support of the public," they say, in explanation of their success. This means the active, and not merely the passive, support of the public. So far as public affairs are concerned, the

American public sleeps a good part of the time, and, when it does wake up, it usually does little more than turn over and go to sleep again. This time it has remained awake—not only has it remained awake, but it has been getting wider awake every minute.

Why? Have these practical reform leaders awakened it and rallied it to their support?

In a measure, yes; but it was prepared for this awakening by "graft" fiction. Among those who have helped Governor Folk and Governor LaFollette and District Attorney Jerome and Mayor Weaver and all the other agents and agencies for reform in both politics and business are David Graham Phillips, Brand Whitlock, Will Payne, William Allen White, Frank Norris, Guy Wetmore Carryl, Alfred Henry Lewis, Francis Lynde, Edwin LeFevre, Forrest Crissey, and many others who have dealt with "graft" in their novels and short stories. Not even Lawson may take all the credit for the exposure of the insurance scandals. Before him came the "graft" fiction, to educate the public up to an understanding of finance and financial methods. Without that preliminary, I doubt very much that the Lawson articles would have attracted more than brief, and possibly frivolous, comment, for we are disposed to take a light view of everything.

I have no wish to reflect on the value of the serious and earnest articles on political and business evils. They have done an immense amount of good, but you must interest your public before you can teach it. We all knew long ago that there was "grafting" in both politics and business, and that the "grafting" in the one was so related to the "grafting" in the other that it was almost impossible to consider them separately. There have been learned and thoughtful articles on the subject in the magazines, and the newspapers have discussed it

in forceful editorials. But we forgot about it soon after reading, and many of us did not read such things at all; they were not entertaining, and we were not sure that we understood them. In the form of fiction, however, they were entertaining.

The American admires cleverness. Whether he approves or disapproves of the morals of a clever man, he admires his cleverness. The men in these stories of "graft" were invariably clever, whether they shone in politics or business, so the stories proved interesting. And they showed how things were done. Whether good or evil triumphed, the result was the same: a more intimate knowledge of devious ways, that prepared the reader for the awakening to come. He began to understand the game. You might have hammered at him editorially for ten years without giving him any very clear conception of what it was all about, but fiction told him. Fiction did not bring it home to him that this was an evil that threatened him personally, but it prepared him for that knowledge. After the fiction, he read the other things more understandingly: he had been lured into learning enough to appreciate the more thoughtful discussions of the subject, and he soon found that he had a personal interest in it. The conditions described in that novel or short story, that he had found so interesting, were not imaginary conditions of an imaginary place; they were actual conditions existing in his own city or State. The thing became very real to him, and he wanted to know more about it. The articles that had hardly arrested his attention before were now of absorbing interest: he was ready for anything that dealt with the subject that had assumed such importance, and he read all that related to it, including more novels and stories.

No one of these stories can be said to have accomplished a particular, concrete thing. Great reforms have been credited to certain novels in the past, but, in most instances, it has seemed to me more likely that the novel came along at the psychological

moment to direct attention to a reform for which the public was already pretty well prepared, just as certain public officials have appeared on the stage at the opportune moment for success. We always remember the man who was first over the enemy's ramparts, but we sometimes forget the leaders who fell before the ramparts were reached. However, whether or not single stories have been responsible for reforms at other times, that certainly is not the case in this instance. All the innumerable "graft" stories have helped. Without them, very likely the public would have awakened in time, but certainly not so soon, and some of the men now so successful would have been buried by the "graft" forces before this. We would simply remember them, if we remembered them at all, as misguided or impractical men who meant well.

Of course the public was ready for this fiction. Finance and politics were attractive subjects, to which its attention had been called by many surprising successes, and it had heard enough of "graft" to be ready to take it up in entertaining form. I give no great credit to the authors for high moral purpose, further than the desire of every honest man that the influence of his work shall be good and not harmful. The stories were no part of a deliberate reform plan, but were written primarily to entertain. The authors, like the men who were instrumental in carrying out the reforms, aimed at success. It is seldom indeed that a man accepts public office solely as a public duty. He may intend to do his whole duty to the public, and there may seem to be a material sacrifice, but ambition and the honor of the office are strong impelling motives. It is seldom also that an article or a story is written solely as a public duty, but that is no reason for taking from it the credit for what it accomplishes. I have written some of this "graft" fiction myself, and I confess that I was always looking for the story and not trying to drive home a moral lesson. Still, my investigations in the search for material uncovered conditions that

were startling to me, and these conditions I tried to picture faithfully for the reader. I presume it has been the same with other writers. Indeed, I am disposed to think that the stories, if a great "purpose" lay back of them, would not be so interesting and would not penetrate so far. It is easy to reach the student, but it is not so easy to reach the man who does not go outside of his business, except for occasional entertainment. Fiction did it—the fiction of political and business "spoils," of the many ways of juggling with votes and money. The fiction of Wall Street and high finance was quite as illuminating as the fiction of State capitols, congressional districts, and city wards, for it all came to the same end: the bamboozling of the public and the evasion, if not the violation, of the law. You can't successfully separate the fields of "graft," for "shady" politics and "shady" business go hand in hand. A particular story or a particular incident may seem to pertain wholly to one or the other, but you will always find, if you go deep enough, that they are interdependent.

So the public—the ordinarily heedless and unthinking public—began to wake up. It was able to hear and understand what was said to it on this subject in a more serious way; it became interested in the facts as well as the fiction. The short stories, especially in the periodicals of low price, reached even those who see little of the more pretentious novels, and an audience was prepared for the man who had any suggestion to make. If the suggestion looked good, and the man seemed to have strength and sincerity, the audience was ready to help him make a practical trial of it. But the main point is, that, whether he addressed it with tongue or pen, he

had his audience—an attentive and an earnest audience,—and this was largely given to him by "graft" fiction.

Some of the writers I have mentioned have also discussed the evils of politics and business in other ways, but I am considering only their fiction. That is what first caught the attention of a part of the public that could be reached in no other way—a part of the public that is very earnest when aroused, but that ordinarily gives no attention to ethical essays, and discounts all political statements.

So, when you throw up your hat for Jerome or Folk, or even President Roosevelt, please remember that the writers of fiction have helped to make possible some of the splendid things they have done; that they at least did much in the primary education of the public; that they prepared it for the more advanced lessons; that they strengthened the determination that has held it steadfast; and that, without this help, some of the reform idols of to-day probably would lie shattered in the wake of some political "machine" or some juggernaut of what Lawson calls "The System." Without this, there would not yet be a public sentiment that makes the honest official fearless in his investigations, and the unscrupulous one fearful. Without this, some of our municipal "good government" organizations would hardly have achieved the full measure of success that has attended their efforts. Without this, some of the good men never would have reached office at all. It is worth remembering, if only as an illustration of the fact that the man who lays the last brick is not necessarily the only one who has been engaged in the construction of the house.



The Editor's Clearing-House

Need Journalism Destroy Literature?

It is beyond all things sobering and pathetic to see a man in grave need of a weapon, nervously fingering a perfect and efficient revolver, and finally casting it from him ignorant of its power.

This, it seems to me, is what Mr. Julian Hawthorne has done in his recent article in *THE CRITIC* which he called "Is Journalism the Destroyer of Literature?" He very properly laments the decadence of the modern press, he gracefully defines literature, he compares it with the journalistic work of to-day, he sagely notices that the two are unlike, and then, though his country is sore-pressed by this insistent force of evil, he chucks away his revolver and says "there is no hope."

If ever a man had a weapon in his hand to meet the attack of another weapon, that man is Mr. Hawthorne. His name is great, he has many natural talents, he is on the staff of one of the most widely read papers in the world, and I believe he is within point-blank range of the very mark he would wish to strike.

Mr. Hawthorne would be the first to admit that the press is a gigantic power, and that it is, under the most delicate control of the editorial conning tower, and yet when he sees its broadsides turned against the cause of common decency, he wrings his hands and writes a charming essay defining literature.

He laments that it is a fact that news is necessary, and can and should be told only in the simplest way. But, after all, what better definition of literature can be given than that it is that sort of writing which most perfectly conveys the meaning of the author? It is not necessary that facts should be dealt with in a matter-of-fact way. Does Macaulay's work become less like literature because he chronicles human affairs? Does William James forfeit all claim to literary style because he writes of dull science and illumines it with the fire of his imagination?

Is it not within the bounds of possibility that even our every-day news should be so well and so clearly set forth that the value of that matter could be easily judged, and the author's manner be a source of delight instead of disgust? That would indeed be a press to be proud of, and in the time of that millennium, ours would be—

A land of lovely speech where every tone is fashioned

By generations of emotions, high and sweet,
Of thought and deed and bearing lofty and impassioned;

A land of golden calm, grave forms, and fretless feet.

We do not expect that yet, but unless we hitch our wagon to a star we shall be hopelessly mired in muck of our own creation. It is only the most obvious and every-day sort of practicality to set before oneself a hopelessly high ideal.

What we need, then, is to re-wed literature with journalism, for surely God hath joined them together, and it was man who put them asunder.

Let the young men fresh from the universities do this thing. We want eager, scornful men, with high-carried standards and deliberately chosen aims. We are fast sickening of these feeble fellows who dabble in the slime and weep the senile tears of sentimentality, looking up now and then to watch the effect on the public. Honor and sentiment and humor are as much in place in our daily press, God knows, as in our daily life, and are less often found there.

With a few honorable exceptions, those editorial writers in New York who are not callow sneerers are stupid folk who write without style, wit, or wisdom, pandering to the wants of a public which learns its wants from them.

Mr. Hawthorne has said that "the Newspaper is the characteristic voice of the age," and leaves us sunk in despair because it would seem we live in such evil days. Let him carry out his

own simile to its logical conclusion. Was there ever a voice that could not be benefited by training? School the voice to be delicate and flexible, to

show accurately the emotion that moves the singer, and then, but not till then—judge your age by it.

LANGDON WARNER.

The Book=Buyer's Guide

ART

Meynell—Giovanni Bellini. By Everard Meynell. Newnes Art Library. Warne. \$1.25.

This latest addition to a series of twenty volumes on painters past and present has all of the good qualities in its sixty-five illustrations and clear text that have placed its companions on so firm a basis.

Staley—Fra Angelico. By Edgecumbe Staley. Newnes Art Library. Warne. \$1.25.

As in the case of the nineteen companion volumes of the series, this book contains an excellent photogravure frontispiece, sixty-four half-tone reproductions of Fra Angelico's work, and an excellent life of the painter by Mr. Staley. Both the text and the illustrations are of such an excellent quality that the volume should have a firmly established place on the shelves of the student desiring a general view of the period.

BELLES LETTRES

Carter—The Religion of Numa. By Jesse Benedict Carter. Macmillan. \$1.00.

This is a very valuable short study of an interesting and in some respects a difficult subject. The author is a pupil of Wissowas, and he acknowledges his indebtedness to his teacher and to Mr. Warde Fowler. But he has treated his materials in his own way and has written a volume which is in many respects original. After pointing out the weakness of the "Indo-Germanic theory," of which the philologists have been so fond, Mr. Carter goes on to discuss, largely in the light of anthropological discoveries, the origin and character of the gods of early Rome who flourished in the days of the half-legendary Numa. To those unfamiliar with Roman religion except in its later developments, the idea that these gods arose out of ancestor worship and that they had no connection whatever with the Grecian deities, will be novel, but of the fact there is no doubt. Mr. Carter traces the changes due to the changing character of the Roman people, until, despite the multiplicity of gods and goddesses, or perhaps because of it, the old Roman religion was dead.

Gladden—The New Idolatry. By Washington Gladden. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.20.

In this volume of essays, Dr. Gladden claims the authorship of the phrase "tainted money" and elaborates the idea contained in it. His protests, in various forms, against the "enthronement of Mammon" are entirely safe,

even conservative; they have been made many times before. The essays are really adapted only for oral delivery. They verge upon platitudes and will scarcely stimulate thought.

Helm—Aspects of Balzac. By W. H. Helm. Pott. \$1.00.

The manifold aspects of Balzac have been carefully studied, and are presented in short studies of his methods, the "Women of the Human Comedy," the "Men of the Human Comedy," Balzac's "Comédie Anglaise," a chapter on "Balzac and Dickens," deprecating the easy criticism that calls Balzac the French Dickens, and points out the resemblances and differences between them. Mr. Helm is evidently a great admirer and lover of Balzac, and shows a thorough appreciation of his great qualities without blindness to his defects. His book is a useful addition to Balzac literature.

James—English Hours. By Henry James. Houghton, Mifflin. \$3.00.

Reviewers are sometimes accused of not reading the books they review, but cannot the blame be laid sometimes on the books? No such blame can be laid on this one, for even the most hardened reviewer will get genuine pleasure from its pages. The keen and just appreciation of the English character, customs, and surroundings will appeal to any one who has been in England, and there is plenty left for those who have not. Through all the mists and fogs of England—not only the very real London article, but also the metaphorical one—Mr. James's eyes have pierced to what lies beyond. He has weighed England in the balances and not found her wanting, and, though not blind to her failings, her charm pervades all his pages, and in its turn finds a complement in the charm of his style.

Lane—The Champagne Standard. By Mrs. John Lane. Lane. \$1.50.

Spontaneous wit united with keen judgment makes this volume a delightful one. Mrs. Lane writes amusingly of the difference of living customs in this country and England, where she has made her home since her second marriage. She cannot resign American conveniences without a pang, and finds home without speaking-tubes a dreary abode. Instead of agreeing with the idea that London is a cheaper place to live in than New York, she finds it dearer. The steam-laundry is an institution especially abhorred by her. It costs, she says, "one pound a week to keep up to the pearl-grey standard." English ser-

vants are, in Mrs. Lane's opinion, more difficult to deal with than American, because of their hard and fast ideas as to the exact nature of their duties. Moreover, "the English servant despises a kind and considerate mistress as not knowing her place." Mrs. Lane's clever essays are never ill-natured; she touches up the foibles of life above and below stairs on both sides of the Atlantic in brisk but kindly fashion. The volume is one which every one with a sense of humor should not fail to enjoy.

Meneken—George Bernard Shaw: His Plays. By Henry L. Mencken. Luce. \$1.00.

If the writer of this book had Mr. Shaw's sense of humor he would be less eager to claim for that amusing and erratic dramatist a kinship with Darwin and "the fight against orthodoxy." Orthodoxy has survived many hard knocks, and it is not very likely that any thrust from Mr. Shaw will give it its death blow. One suspects that the esoteric doctrines which both the author and his admirers profess to find in "Man and Superman" and the rest of the plays are, after all, only part of the joke. There is such a thing as taking a clever *farceur* too seriously.

Merriam—The Negro and the Nation. By George S. Merriam. Holt. \$1.75.

A history of the growth of the negro problem distinguished throughout by fairness. The author defends the theories of the abolitionists none the less warmly because he recognizes the folly of some of their acts. He is just to the Southern whites as well as generous to the Southern blacks, and recognizes the fact that the atrocities practised by a few slave-owners were by no means universal. An admirable account of the John Brown episode and of the impeachment of President Johnson is given. The final chapter is devoted to a consideration of the best way of helping the negro in the future.

Pritchett—What Is Religion? By Henry S. Pritchett. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.00.

President Pritchett gives some thoroughly sound advice in his talks to young men. There is no cant or priggishness about these earnest addresses; they are of the kind which ought to serve as the "word in season." They deal with such subjects as "What is truth?" and "What is religion?" in a practical manner far more likely to influence young men in the right direction than more eloquent addresses which depart more from the vital questions to be discussed. Many persons other than students will find food for thought in the little volume.

Thackeray—The New Sketch Book. By W. M. Thackeray. Edited by Robert S. Garnett. Rivers, London.

A collection of eleven papers, discovered by Mr. Garnett in the *Foreign Quarterly Review* (1842-1844), and now first recognized as Thackeray's. They are mostly reviews, of French books (Victor Hugo, Dumas, Lemaitre,

Eugène Scribe, Eugène Sue, and others), and, though not up to the standard of Thackeray's later work, bear unmistakable marks of his hand, with scattered paragraphs in his most characteristic vein. The editor, moreover, in his introduction and appendix, gives much collateral evidence of various kinds, to confirm his identification of the authorship. Altogether the volume is a notable addition to Thackeray literature, and unexpected withal after the careful search of so many biographers and critics for unacknowledged matter from his pen.

Warner—Famous Introductions to Shakespeare's Plays. Edited with an Introduction, etc., by Beverley Warner. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50 net.

This collection of eighteenth-century Shakespearean matter includes the prefaces to the editions of Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hammer, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Capell, Reed, and Malone, with that of the player-editors of the Folio of 1623; to whom, by the way, Dr. Warner gives the credit of being "really editors," assuming that the "changes and alterations in the Folio [from the Quartos] presuppose an editor's hand," and that it is probable that the other plays (not previously issued in quarto form) "received the same attention"—a view which we are inclined to think few scholars and critics will accept. Besides the introduction, which calls for no especial comment, very brief biographical notices of the authors of the prefaces are given, and occasional explanatory notes. These prefaces with two or three exceptions, have little other than historical interest, but as they are mostly inaccessible except in the original editions and in the "Variorum" of 1821, many students and critical readers of Shakespeare will be glad to have them in this convenient reprint. We note a few misprints ("Auxene" for "Auxerre," "Siliklo" for "Sinklo," et. c.), and now and then a strange slip on the part of the editor, as (p. 11) the statement that "Thos. Fletcher" (instead of John Fletcher) is admitted to have had a hand in the play of "Henry VIII."

BIOGRAPHY

Barine—Louis XIV. and La Grande Mademoiselle. By Arvède Barine. Putnam.

The proof of the merit of Mme. Barine's work lies in the fact that one is eager to read it in spite of the very bad translation. It is a thoughtful study of the life of the Grande Mademoiselle, and the results of the abortive revolution for which she was so largely responsible. Mme. Barine sees in the effect produced on Louis XIV. by the Fronde the germ of the causes of the great Revolution. This period of the King's life has not been so fully noticed as the later years with which St. Simon has made us so familiar, though it embraces perhaps the most important part of his career. The description of the poverty of the country in these early years, and of the King's making himself absolute monarch, of his forcing the effacement of the aristoc-

racy and abandonment of Paris, show how the seeds of the Revolution were sown. A striking picture of the times is given in the story of Louis's marriage, also in the description of the Court journeys. The extraordinary love-affair of Lauzun and the Grande Mademoiselle alone would make this book worth reading, but there are a host of other details of these earlier years of Louis XIV., and to a subject replete with picturesque interest Mme. Barine has done full justice. The book is fully illustrated from original paintings and engravings.

Brown—Life of Oliver Ellsworth By William Garrott Brown. Macmillan. \$2.00 net.

A biography of a prominent character in our Colonial and Revolutionary periods and the years of constitutional organization that immediately followed, and perhaps of more interest for its historical and political matter than for that which is of a personal nature. The life of the man was not particularly eventful, but his official work and relations were important, and the record of them includes much information which is not readily, if at all, to be found elsewhere.

Gapon—The Story of My Life. By Father George Gapon. Dutton. \$3.00 net.

The author of this book might have lived and died unknown to the world at large but for the St. Petersburg massacre of January 22, 1905. Then the figure of the priest who led the workingmen to demand audience of the Tsar suddenly flashed into vivid distinctness. The story that fills half his pages need not be repeated here. It is told with vigor and deep feeling. Father Gapon's whole career had qualified him for the post he filled on that fatal day, when peaceable citizens, seeking redress for grievances, were shot down in cold blood by the troops. His sincerity has been questioned since his flight from Russia, and it has even been intimated that he deliberately led his deluded followers into a trap. But an unprejudiced reading of his story leaves the impression that this accusation is quite groundless. Certainly from the time he became a priest he has devoted himself with apparent whole-heartedness to the toiling and suffering masses. He writes simply and naturally about himself, describing his peasant youth, his early religious aspirations and doubts, his philanthropic and missionary work. His view of the condition of the Russian Church in not flattering, and he predicts for autocracy a *débacle* like that of the French Revolution. Possibly his statements require a few grains of salt, but they are none the less interesting.

Henderson—Mary Queen of Scots. By T. F. Henderson. 2 volumes. Imported by Scribners. \$6.00 net.

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety" was written of Cleopatra, and surely the same must be true of Mary Queen of Scots, for biographies of her fall

almost as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. In spite of Dr. Hay Fleming's biographic work, Major Hume's treatment of her love-affairs, Mr. Lang's "Mystery," with its ingenious Casket Letter theory, and Mr. Hewlett's sensuous "Queen's Quair," Mr. Henderson has found means to compose a book of much interest, which will probably, however, satisfy neither the friends nor enemies of Mary Stuart entirely. Fate of an inexorable kind is the chief factor in her life, as seen by the author. He leans to the human side of history, rather than to the external of customs, habits, social conditions, etc., seeking to read the heart of the nation in the hearts of the actors in the contest that raged around the Scottish Queen. And he succeeds in giving an excellent idea of the changing conditions of thought, political and religious, and a good picture of the men who wrought the ruin of the Queen. Not less well drawn is her own portrait, unbiassed by sentiment, and with evident desire to do her justice, and no less evident belief in her guilt; there is shown also keen appreciation of Elizabeth's cunning power, and the contrast between the rival Queens is well brought out. The book begins with Mary's birth, and follows her fortunes closely throughout her stormy career, no time or space being wasted on the gossip that forms so large a part of some "Lives." Mr. Henderson deals with the Casket Letters in an appendix, and makes out a good case for their authenticity. He utterly refutes Mr. Lang's forgery theory, calling it "heroic self-sacrifice on behalf of a historical myth." It is a pity that several mistakes have been allowed to creep into the text, and that, in giving the date of the month, in nearly every instance the date of the year has been omitted; also that the author has permitted himself the use of so many unusual words. The illustrations are exceedingly numerous, and it seems as if a diligent search must have been made for portraits, not of Mary alone, but of those who came into the sphere of her history.

Hubback—Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers. By J. H. and Edith C. Hubback. Lane. \$3.50 net.

To the true "Janean" every book about Miss Austen has some interest, however superfluous it may appear to others. That two of her brothers were naval officers, most of us know; and it was a happy thought to deal with their careers, to give extracts from their logs and letters, and to recall from their sister's novels Captain Wentworth, William Price, and the rest, in whose lineaments some of their features may perhaps be traced. If it be true, as has been suggested with some plausibility, that Miss Austen drew in Anne Elliot—to many of us the most charming of her heroines—a woman whose experience she had shared, it may be equally true that in Captain Wentworth some one not a brother saw for the portrait. In the present volume there are passages interesting in themselves, apart from their connection with the Austen family; but when all is said and done it was

written for the Janeans, and they will best appreciate it.

Hume—The Wives of Henry the Eighth. By Martin Hume. McClure. \$3.50 net.

The six consorts of Henry the VIIIth are important by reason of the part his marriages took in the Reformation. This is the way the author regards and treats them. Putting aside the picturesque side of the Queens, he sees in them the tools used by politicians to sway the King as they desired. Naturally, the greater part of the book is devoted to Katherine of Aragon and Anne Boleyn, Henry's declaration of himself as the head of the Church having been the outcome of these two marriages. But the author does not regard Henry as the far-seeing statesman he is sometimes represented as being, but rather as the sensualist used by both parties in the struggle that ended in the Reformation. His character is dealt with justly, but the whitewash of Mr. Froude is not used by Mr. Hume, who, on the contrary, calls him a "whited sepulchre." Katherine of Aragon, too, has to step down from the pedestal on which Shakespeare placed and others maintained her, and appears with all her failings, and bereft of none of her virtues. There is an absence of sentimental feeling for the Queens, and the book is more a political study of the causes of the Reformation than of the lives of the Queens as women, but it does not lose interest in consequence.

Ober—Columbus. By Frederick A. Ober. Heroes of American History. Harper. \$1.00 net.

A life of the great discoverer well calculated to interest young people in his personality. Mr. Ober shows Columbus as a much injured man—as indeed he was,—and describes vividly the many difficulties which he encountered in carrying out the projects of his genius. A middle ground is generally followed in moot points. It is assumed that Columbus may readily have had access to the Norse manuscripts but that the supposition is incapable of proof.

Winchester—The Life of John Wesley. By C. T. Winchester. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

Professor Winchester's view of the founder of Methodism is in some respects different from the usual one. He points out that Wesley was the child of his age in his distrust of enthusiasm. He laid great stress upon an intelligent faith, and endeavored himself to be clear, candid, and logical. That he could have carried on his especial work within the Anglican Church, had the bishops of his day held more statesmanlike ideas as to their duty, is plain enough; in fact, he never abandoned that Church, nor did he desire his followers to do so. Yet the logic of events made the organization of a distinctive Methodist body inevitable. Professor Winchester tells the story of Wesley's career sympathetically, though not in a partisan spirit, and he

brings out the character and personality of the man better, on the whole, than any of Wesley's previous biographers have done.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG

Maunder—The Plain Princess and Other Stories. By I. Maunder. With a preface by Andrew Lang. Illustrated by M. W. Taylor and M. D. Baxter. Longmans. \$1.50.

If a child does n't like this book, he ought. It is a charming affair; the drawings are admirable and the book also benefits by Mr. Lang's delightful preface, though without it, the Plain Princess is well worth knowing, and the Land of Reasonwhy worth a visit.

Rankin—The Girls of Gardenville. By Carroll Watson Rankin. Holt. \$1.25.

Wholesome stories of the doings of the "Sweet Sixteen Club" of Gardenville. The sixteen heroines are natural, lively girls whose pleasures and trials would be of interest to other young people between the ages of twelve to sixteen years. The tone of the book is commendable; it teaches sound principles without being priggish.

FICTION

Alexander—Judith. By Grace Alexander. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

It is a pity that Miss Alexander did not choose a more distinctive title for her pleasantly written little tale of ante-bellum times in Camden; Judith is a name that suggests a far different heroine than hers, who after marrying for duty the man she does not love is rewarded by his death and a second marriage, with the man she does love. The novelty of the story, such as it is, lies rather in the atmosphere than in the plot. Some of the scenes are well done, and the characters stand out with a good degree of boldness.

Anonymous—The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Scribner. \$1.50. We like "Elizabeth's" charming egotism, and we greatly prefer her when she concerns herself with her own intimate affairs. The authorship of "Priscilla" is recognizable, but the book is a far flimsier fabric than the earlier stories. Priscilla's adventures are a shade too preposterous for genuine enjoyment. The imaginative quality of the book is not high, and though a whimsical charm of style counts for much, it is hardly enough, in this case, to carry the reader through to the end unwearied. If "Elizabeth" belongs to the very considerable group of authors who are forever haunted and tormented by a first success, her public is not, after all, to blame.

Benson—The Angel of Pain. By E. F. Benson. Lippincott. \$1.50.

A great change has taken place in Mr. Benson's style within the last several years. The difference between that of "Mammon and Com-

pany" and his latest novel is almost startling. He has a fine idea in "The Angel of Pain," but he is not wholly successful in developing it. He endeavors to show through the medium of four principal characters the necessity of pain in the world. Three of the people are real; the fourth is a shadow. Mr. Benson makes a mistake in his dalliance with the supernatural. In this book it destroys the verisimilitude. The reader loses his belief in the reality of the personages after Tom Merivale's mysterious death. Mr. Benson has gained much in solidity; he can no longer be called merely clever. But he has lost in vitality. The reader feels no great desire to know what happens to any one of the people in the book, with the single exception of Evelyn Dundas, the artist. "The Angel of Pain" is an interesting novel; it is hardly an absorbing one. Apparently Mr. Benson has not even yet found himself.

Boyce—The Eternal Spring. By Neith Boyce. Macmillan. \$1.50.

Sentimentality runs riot in this story of young love in Italy. All the characters, including the hero, are fluffy and most of them are hysterical. Mrs. Hapgood has written better fiction than this and will probably write more in the future. The apparent moral of this sugary tale is that only the young have the right to love and that a woman over thirty ought to be dead and buried.

Brown—The Sacred Cup. By Vincent Brown. Putnam. \$1.50.

A story of English life admirably told. The plot hinges on a problem of the familiar kind, but none of the ordinarily attendant vulgarity is revealed in its development. The characters are all well drawn; that of the little rector, Mr. Jerred, is conspicuous for a rarely fine combination of humor and pathos. This is not a novel to appeal to the class of readers who delight in the morbid revelations of the pseudo-realist. Its reserve is its most striking quality and it is one worthy of high praise. This is altogether the best piece of fiction written by Mr. Brown.

Burnett—The Dawn of To-morrow. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. Scribner. \$1.

A vividly told sketch of the experiences of a rich man who, miserable beyond endurance from one cause and another, determines to put an end to his life. He goes to a cheap lodging-house and expects to kill himself before another morning. He has planned things so that he thinks his identity will remain unknown. He goes out in the fog to buy a revolver and comes in contact with a number of poor people. The possibilities revealed to him of helping humanity change the entire current of his life and he thinks of "to-morrow" as the beginning of a new life on earth instead of the entrance to a state of annihilation. Nothing that Mrs. Burnett has written in years has made the impression or enjoyed the popularity of this story.

Castle—The Heart of Lady Anne. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. With Illustrations in color by Ethel Franklin Betts and numerous decorations by Frederick Garrison Hall. Stokes. \$1.50.

If Henrietta Crossman has not exhausted the characteristics of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and her *Enorage* here is another dainty book of dresden china people ripe for her art. Lady Anne is an English shrew in miniature, with French training and an English husband to act as her Petruccio. The story of her taming is charmingly told, and the entire make-up of the book is an accord with its spirit—lavender and gold covers, four illustrations in color, and blue and black initials and half-titles for the chapters. The combined effect of language and illustrations is engaging.

Cooke—Chronicles of the Little Tot. By Edmund Vance Cooke. Dodge. \$1.50.

"The Chronicles of the Little Tot" should make both universal and tender appeal,—not alone to those who are the Little Tot's immediate vassals and slaves, but to the wider circle of child-lovers, as well. There is a naive, exquisite sympathy with the (alleged) workings of the baby mind,—a laughing and benevolent understanding of parental idolatries, whether of the maternal or the paternal order; and withal, there is excellent metrical craft in this collection, whereby the author's sympathy and understanding are carried direct to the hearts of his readers—even if we might at times, spare something from his characteristic method of clever punning. But his "Creepers," "Cruisers," and "Climbers," mark various stages in the career of Little Young Mortality and lead us to that ripper period of infancy chronicled so deftly and inimitably in "Willie's Letter to His Teacher," said letter being the worried product of "Young Hopeful," who is torn between his father's old-fashioned insistence upon the indispensableness of instruction in the Three R's and his teacher's devotion to the "modern system of enriched education" in vogue in some of our public schools. Mr. Cooke's "Chronicles" have not excluded the note of pathos, which is heard (much in the spirit and pitch of Emerson's "Threnody") in "The Little Boy Who Left Us," and, again, in the delicate lyric, "At Night."

Crockett—Fishers of Men. By S. R. Crockett. Appleton. \$1.50.

Persons who love Scotland can hardly fail to appreciate Mr. Crockett, for even at his worst his local color is deftly applied. It would be too harsh a judgment, perhaps, to say that in this book he is at his worst; but he is certainly not at his best. He seems to be trying to imitate certain distinguished contemporaries, and that is always a dangerous experiment. In this case the result is a painful lack of reality.

Dillon—In Old Bellaire. By Mary Dillon. Century. \$1.50.

A romance of the Civil War in which the

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leading characters are a pretty but very puritanical New England school-teacher and a typical young Southerner. Bellaire is really Carlisle, Pennsylvania. The most attractive feature of the story is the manner in which the author has imprisoned the atmosphere of the old-fashioned college town, investing it with real charm.

Eyre—The Girl in Waiting. By Archibald Eyre. Luce. \$1.50.

This is an unpretentious tale of a rich girl masquerading as a poor one and coming under suspicion as a dangerous character. There is a young man in the case, of course, and circumstances shape themselves, equally of course, to bring the two together. Mr. Eyre writes pleasantly and cleverly and enables the reader to avoid ennui for an idle hour.

Gardenhire—The Long Arm. By S. M. Gardenhire. Harpers. \$1.50.

The clever detective will never lose his charm for a certain order of mind. Personally, we do not find LeDroit Connors as entertaining as Old Sleuth, although perhaps his methods are more subtle. In any case Mr. Gardenhire's book need not be seriously considered as literature.

Graham—The Wizard's Daughter. By Margaret Collier Graham. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. \$1.25.

Very capably handled stories of simple Western life, women's tragedies, for the most part, told without relieving contrasts. Their grim and harsh atmosphere would scarcely be tolerable if it were not for the essential truth, and therefore, in a sense, the beauty, of each tale.

Horton—The Edge of Hazard. By George Horton. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

It is fortunate for the novelist that the supply of princesses who are willing to marry Americans holds out. Mr. Horton has discovered another in the person of Elizabeth Romanovna, whom Frederick Courtland Hardy, erst of Boston's "smart set," going to Russia to take a business position, was able by his straight shooting to save from deadly peril. The enmity of the Princess's cousin and the love of a Japanese girl keep him and his revolver busy to the last. An excellent story—for people who merely wish to be amused.

Maartens—The Healers. By Maarten Maartens. Appleton. \$1.50.

The eminent Dutch novelist who writes in English has written in this very long and somewhat inchoate novel a study of the physiological view of therapeutics versus the psychical. There are many brilliant passages in the book, but as a whole it leaves a confused impression upon the mind of the reader. There are too many characters and the threads of the story are hopelessly involved. "Dorothea" showed a tendency on the part of Mr. Maartens to let his ideas overrun him, and in his latest work of fiction this artistic license is still more apparent. The result of this

serious mistake is materially to injure alike the beauty and the force of his literary style. Cleverness and power are both evident in "The Healers," but it is a most unsatisfying work of fiction.

Macdonald—The Sea Maid. By Ronald Macdonald. Holt. \$1.50.

A story based on the common "desert island" plot, told uncommonly well. Mr. Macdonald has plenty of humor and skill in characterization. By this means he makes the familiar "casting away" device into an eminently readable and amusing bit of fiction. Of its kind "The Sea Maid" is good.

Macnaughtan—A Lame Dog's Diary. By S. Macnaughtan. Dodd, Mead. \$1.50.

A pleasing bit of fiction which does not draw too heavily upon the reader's nervous endurance. Life in a sort of Cranfordian village is depicted in the diary of a man, still young, who has lost a leg in the Boer War. Later there are Scotch scenes which recall the author's former amusing volume, "The Fortune of Christina McNab." A graceful but not novel love-story is interwoven with the humorous sketches.

Martin—Sabina. A Story of the Amish. By Helen Reimensnyder Martin. Century. \$1.25.

This story is the product of close observation. Nobody would dream of questioning its accuracy. But the reader's frame of mind is one of curiosity rather than of sympathetic interest. The "manners and customs" of a strange tribe may have a quaint and half-humorous flavor; but an exposition of them does not fascinate or absorb. To her really pitiful heroine, Sabina, the author has attributed a psychic power which she vouches for, in her preface, as based on fact. But this is, of course, a doubtful recommendation for fiction.

Merejkowski—Peter and Alexis. By Dmitri Merejkowski. Putnam. \$1.50.

The concluding novel in its author's trilogy entitled "Christ and Anti-Christ." It is a powerfully impressive study of unlovely characters among revolting conditions. Merejkowski finds little that is inspiring in Russia at the beginning of the eighteenth century and his study of the royal father and son, Peter the Great and Alexis, is one of the most terrible pictures conceivable. Alexis, between whom and the present Tsar a resemblance has been traced, is a weak, morbid, craven, pitiful figure, a kind of exemplification of Death-in-Life, who haunts the reader for days. The unutterable scene of the Tsar's murder of his son is a supreme test of the reader's hardihood, for Russian literature can contain nothing more appalling. The present publication of the book, with the light that it throws on the Romanoff character, is peculiarly timely.

Moore—Love Alone is Lord. By F. Frankfort Moore. Putnam. \$1.50.

Another version of Lord Byron's fascinating life. Mr. Moore represents Mary Chaworth as the woman whom Byron loved deepest and longest. Familiar, even popularly familiar, as Byron's story has become, it is retold here with a great deal of zest and vigor and easily holds the reader's attention to the very end. Apparently few novelists are able to invent characters that can rival in interest this real-life hero.

Olmsted—The Nonchalante. By Stanley Olmsted. Holt. \$1.25.

A rather cleverly written story of three Americans, two men and a girl, in Germany. The heroine, Dixie Bilton, is cheerfully indifferent to the feelings of any one but her own. The author has succeeded, however, in giving her some genuine fascination. The style is too obviously imitative of that of Mr. James.

Orczy—The Scarlet Pimpernel. By Baroness Orczy. Putnam. \$1.50.

A brilliantly vivid story, abounding in dramatic incident, of Paris and London in the year 1792. Unusually effective use has been made of the abundant material this period affords, and the variety of scene and situation, as well as the mystery, of "The Scarlet Pimpernel" are likely to keep the most critical reader interested to the end. Photographs of the leading situations in the story, as represented by Julia Neilson and Fred Terry and their company, are used as illustrations.

Osbourne—Wild Justice. By Lloyd Osbourne. Appleton. \$1.25.

Stories of life in Hawaii and Samoa which reveal Mr. Osbourne as a much better writer than might be thought from "Baby Bullet." The tales all have a swing in the telling and show that the author is in his own field. There is plenty of humor in them and an occasional bit of real pathos. "The Security of the High Seas" and "Old Dibs" are especially good.

Quick—Double Trouble or, Every Hero His Own Villain. By Herbert Quick. With illustrations by Orson Lowell. Bobbs-Merrill. \$1.50.

This title has a good, old-fashioned ring, such as novels used to provide in days of yore. The key-note is found in the quotation from the "Secret ritual of the A. O. C. M." (whatever that may be): "Pervasive woman! in our hours of ease, our cloud-dispeller, tempering storm to breeze! But when our dual selves the pot sets bubbling, our cares providing, and our doubles troubling!" The particular troubler is the woman represented not only in an illustration (page 28), but also in colors on the outside wrapper. She sits poised on a kind of dais, one foot on a tiger skin, the other lifted in the air, addressing herself to young Amidon, a scared-looking youth with his left hand spread awkwardly over his chest and his right curled up behind him. This same man is the person who caught in his arms "the blast-furnace of hair, the strik-

ing hat and the pleasantly rounded figure" of an unknown guest as she "descended, partly flying, partly falling, partly sliding down the baluster—a whirl of superheated hair, swirling skirts, and wide, appealing eyes of delf blue." No wonder he continued to look awkward, with such adventures.

Quiller-Couch—The Mayor of Troy. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. Scribner. \$1.50.

"Years ago," explains Mr. Quiller-Couch, in the prologue of this delightful story, "I promised myself to write a treatise on the lost Mayors of Cornwall." This volume carries out in part that singular but commendable intention. A writer with a delicate and significant touch and entirely congenial material is the best of companions, and the "Mayor of Troy" has a fragrance and a flavor which must be felt at first hand. Summaries and analyses would be far from conveying it.

Shaw—The Irrational Knot. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. \$1.50.

In his characteristically exuberant and entertaining preface, Mr. Shaw remarks that he cannot see, for the life of him, why people should wish to read a crude novel that he wrote in his early twenties;—but if they do—It is true that the most significant points in the story are taken up and developed in the author's later work, and so far as its opinions and contentions go it may safely be ignored. The Shaw-reading public knows pretty well by this time what the dramatist thinks of marriage, the irrational knot. But Mr. Shaw, whatever he lacked at twenty-five, did not lack wit; and readers who delight in his energetic paradoxes will find plenty to repay them for reading this voluminous story.

Sinclair—The Jungle. By Upton Sinclair. Doubleday, Page. \$1.50.

"An elemental odor, raw and crude; it was rich, almost rancid, sensual, strong." Mr. Sinclair's words apply as well to his own novel as to the Chicago stockyards, where the scene of it is laid. In describing the horrors through which his characters live and move and have their being, he adopts the pseudo-realistic method of Zola, but he has no spark of Zola's genius in compensation. How far his book represents actual conditions we need not attempt to decide; that it contains some exaggeration is plain. To consider it as a work of art would be futile; to discuss it as a tract would lead us too far afield.

Smith—The Wood Fire in No. 3. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Scribner. \$1.50.

No lurking, ungracious disappointment is concealed beneath the fair and open pages of this companionable volume. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is as good a story-teller as ever, and as loyal an adherent of the old school that told a story for the story's sake. There are nine stories in this volume, more or less loosely connected, and all in a vein of genial, charitable reminiscence. They may best be read

not through cool, critical spectacles, but under the circumstances which purport to have produced them—a wood fire, a pipe, and sympathetic companionship.

Spofford—Old Washington. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Little, Brown. \$1.50.

Five stories, good as such, but better as pictures of life and society at the capital as it was after the Civil War, forty or more years ago—a period which, with the changes that have taken place in this comparatively short period, seems "old" indeed. History and fiction are most agreeably combined in this delineation of it by one who was personally familiar with its varied and vanishing phases.

Tooker—Under Rocking Skies. By L. Frank Tooker. Century. \$1.50.

A straightforward sea-romance, told simply and without subtleties or complications. The book will not offer a strong lure to oversophisticated readers, nor is it written with marked distinction, but it has a genuine sea-flavor, a wholesome tone, and a certain degree of humor. Distinctly a readable story.

Wheat—The Third Daughter. By Mrs. Lu. Wheat. Los Angeles. Oriental Publishing. \$1.50.

This is an unusually good story of Chinese home life, and withal thoroughly trustworthy in its pictures of Chinese thought, environment, and habit at home and in California. Even if it does teach powerfully some of the fruits of the wisdom of the Far East, such as the longevity of China, and the splendid physical condition of her people after ages of struggle, the moral is not tacked on as a bit of adornment, but is what the story itself carries.

HISTORY AND TRAVEL

Armstrong—The Heroes of Defeat. By William Jackson Armstrong. Clarke.

It is well that a generation too much given to the worship of success should now and then pause to contemplate those who failed to reach the goal. The six "heroes of defeat" chosen by Mr. Armstrong are, with one exception, little known. This exception, of course, is Kosciuszko, long a favorite in fiction, as in history. Americans remember, if vaguely, Tecumseh, and Vercingetorix has been preserved to immortality by his great antagonist; Schamyl, Abdel Kader, and Scanderbeg are not even names to the average reader. Mr. Armstrong tells the stories of all these with some skill, though his style is considerably marred by flights that suggest stump oratory.

Bradley—In the March and Borderland of Wales. By A. G. Bradley. Houghton. \$3.00.

The illustrations alone are worth the price of this book; not that this statement is meant to disparage the text, for that is full of romantic and historic tales of the places depicted

by the artist, and one is the worthy complement of the other. One of the most picturesque parts of the United Kingdom has been chosen as the subject, which receives full justice from author and artist.

Geil—A Yankee in Pigmy Land. By William Edward Geil. Dodd, Mead.

As long as Little Jack Horner lives in nursery lore, so long will the pigmies of Africa be the subject of increasing interest. Stanley gave these human mites of darkest Africa their name, but Geil has told us more about them, perhaps, than any other explorer. We remember his lively book on the people of interior China, and with this work as a standard of comparison vote this latest story of personal experience and of rich human sympathy fully as interesting, while much more moving. Both text and pictures are tremendously realistic, and, to be frank, excite both disgust and pity. Mr. Geil tells not only about the little Jack Horners of the forest world, but depicts eloquently the energies of Christian missionaries in their determined effort to let in the light of Christianity and civilization. These men and women are working hard at the levers of education and industrial training that will bring to the Africans, both in body and mind, to hand and to eye, something more closely approaching the semblance of humanity than anything now visible in their assets of existence. Geil made a journey across Africa from Mombasa through the great pigmy forest to Banana on the west coast. In his narrative we have so much fun and frolic, from the author's overflowing animal spirits and fluent pen, that we sometimes are in doubt whether to take him seriously or in a Pickwickian sense. On Congoland much light is cast. The formula for correct living is almost Beorhavian in its brevity—"If you perspire, you can live well in Congo."

Greene—The Development of Religious Liberty in Connecticut. By M. Louise Greene. Houghton. \$2.00 net.

A monograph much enlarged and elaborated from three earlier and briefer essays on the same subject which have been very favorably received, one of them having won the Strauss prize at Brown University. Connecticut was more modern in her progress toward religious liberty than most other parts of New England, and yet liberal or radical thinkers there "found early and late an uncomfortable atmosphere and restricted liberties." How the movement for the divorce of Church and State began, progressed, and finally triumphed is ably and fully told in this volume of five hundred pages; and the appendix gives lists of authorities on the successive periods and a complete bibliography of the literature of the subject.

Joubert—The Fall of Tsardom. By Carl Joubert. Lippincott. \$2.00 net.

Those familiar with Mr. Joubert's previous books about Russia will readily understand that the present volume strikes and spares

not the whole system of government of which Nicholas II. is the unfortunate representative. Although Mr. Joubert was not a Russian, he identified himself thoroughly with the aims of the Russian Revolutionary party; and his writings secured so large an audience that his recent death must be a distinct loss to that party. It cannot be said that in these pages he gives an accurate picture of social and political conditions; his pen is distinctly that of an advocate. For example he criticises the secret societies for the purposeless crimes they commit, but at the same time he defends the "revolutionary committee" for sanctioning assassination "in extreme cases." Purely constitutional reform is in his opinion hopeless; the Tsardom is a deadly growth that must be plucked up by the roots. The theories which the author promulgates, however, are less interesting than the experiences he describes. These at least convince the reader, whatever his theories as to the remedy, that the disease is desperate grown; and so, perhaps, only by desperate appliances is it to be relieved. Those interested in current movements in Russia should not overlook this account of them.

Laut—The Vikings of the Pacific. By A. C. Laut. Macmillan. \$2.00 net.

The title is figurative rather than literal, as none of the "Vikings" was from Scandinavia, though one of them is a Dane. The others are the outlaw hunters of Russia, the Polish pirate Benyowsky, the English Cook and Vancouver, Robert Gray of Boston, who discovered the Columbia River, with Drake, Ledyard, and other soldiers of fortune who made explorations on the Pacific coast of America. Their adventures and achievements are well told, and copiously illustrated with maps, portraits, views of scenery, etc.

Lee—The Spirit of Rome. By Vernon Lee. Lane. \$1.50 net.

These notes of travel glow with color, and the wonder and enchantment of Rome. They cover a period of ten years, but might just as well cover two or two hundred. It is the eternal spirit of Rome that Vernon Lee has caught, and some of it descends on us in reading her book.

Little—Round About my Pekin Garden. By Mrs. Archibald Little. Lippincott. \$5.00 net.

In her former books on China Mrs. Little gave us very graphic accounts of life in the country before the Boxer troubles; and this record of her return thither in these recent years is equally interesting for its description of the present condition of things. She has had exceptional opportunities for seeing China in all its phases of society and life from the highest to the lowest, and her keen observation and careful study of what she sees make the book one of the most trustworthy of its class. It photographs the Chinese man and the Chinese woman to the intellectual vision

as vividly as the abundant photographic illustrations, which are of extraordinary excellence and finish, bring them before the outer eye. The text is as truly pictorial as the pictures. The discussion of the social and political problems of the country and the times, though incidental and fragmentary, is sensible and shrewd. Altogether the book is to be commended quite without qualification.

Meeker—Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound. By Ezra Meeker. Hanford. \$3.

A big book which would have been better if the author had had the literary experience and skill needed for discreetly condensing large portions of it. Other portions are all the more interesting for their detail and diffusiveness, bringing the pioneer life and adventure more distinctly before us. The early wars with the Indians, for instance, are minutely and graphically chronicled, and we are glad to have many particulars which the historian of the period would omit. The illustrations of scenery and life and the portraits are good in their way.

Remington—The Way of an Indian. By Frederick Remington. Fox, Duffield.

A remarkably realistic life-history of a typical Indian. Mr. Remington has long been noted as almost the only illustrator who has succeeded in portraying Indians successfully. In this book he displays the same power of getting inside the red man's skin, alike in text and illustrations. He shows us an Indian who has every appearance of being true to life, and neither a white man painted copper-colored nor a fiend incarnate, although in certain characteristics he is not far from the latter according to our ideas.

MISCELLANEOUS

Anderson—The Country Town. By Wilbert L. Anderson. Baker, Taylor. \$1.00.

Mr. Anderson takes a somewhat different view of the country town from that generally held. He argues that the growth of the cities has been made possible by the natural multiplication of population, that the rural districts are "in partnership" with the cities, and that there is no rural exodus which leaves a mere remnant of the people in the country. On the contrary, the growth of cities implies a growth in farming communities that supply city wants. Furthermore, the country towns are in closer and more vital connection with the outside world than they were once. This study of existing conditions will be found valuable even by those who do not agree with all the conclusions reached.

Decharme—Euripides and the Spirit of his Dramas. By Paul Decharme. Translated by James Loeb. Macmillan. \$3.00 net.

The scholarly French professor has done excellent work in this discussion of the Greek

tragedian, and the book has been accurately and attractively "Englished" by the translator. The headings of the chapters will suggest the author's method of dealing with his subject: "Life and Character of Euripides"; "Relations of Euripides with Philosophers and Sophists"; his "Criticism of Religious Traditions"; his "Philosophical Views"; his treatment of "Society"; "Political Views"; "Choice of Subjects"; "Dramatic Situations"; "Action," and other matters of dramatic art. As the author says in his preface, "Euripides is the most modern of the Greek tragic poets"; but at the same time he is "an elusive poet, not easy to comprehend," and the modern reader, even if not unfamiliar with Greek, needs just such help in understanding his character, his philosophy, and his art as this critical study affords. It will therefore be welcome to the classical student no less than to the general public of cultivated and thoughtful readers. The analytical index of a dozen pages is a commendable feature.

Dresser—Health and the Inner Life. An Analytical and Historical Study of Spiritual Healing Theories, with an Account of the Life and Teachings of P. P. Quimby. By Horatio Dresser. Putnam. \$1.35 net.

Mr. Dresser's last book has the great virtue of presenting abstract truths concretely, in good literary style, which is quite unusual in works of this class. The manner is such that students of psychology are not discouraged in their efforts to find ideas. The great drawback with most writers on "mental" subjects is that they hide their ignorance by many high-sounding terms and eloquent verbiages. Mr. Dresser's book is an exposition of the beliefs of Mr. Quimby, who was the "healer" of Mrs. Eddy, and the source of her inspiration.

Gilman—The Launching of a University, and other Papers. By Daniel Coit Gilman. Dodd, Mead. \$2.50 net.

Ideals of education have greatly changed within the past quarter of a century, and in this change such an institution as Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore has played no small part. Something more than half of Dr. Gilman's interesting volume is given up to recalling the circumstances of its origin, its aims, and achievements. The incomplete part of this record concerns Dr. Gilman himself, to whom, as President of the institution from its foundation until 1902, no slender portion of the credit is due. Johns Hopkins, like Harvard and Cornell, had to undergo some misrepresentation in its early days from those who held sectarian views of the function of teaching; but it lived down obloquy on this score and contributed immeasurably to the intellectual life of the nation by the complete freedom of research its conductors established. The idea of post-graduate study has spread widely of late, and it is easy to forget the obligation to the institution which did so much to promote such study. Dr. Gilman has many charming reminiscences to relate of men more or less connected with the history

of Johns Hopkins—of Huxley, Freeman Rowland, Sylvester, Lanier, Child, and others. The papers in the volume not directly connected with Johns Hopkins are mainly on educational subjects. They are written with unflinching kindness of spirit and they throw pleasant sidelights upon the character and career of the distinguished writer.

Moore—Aurelian. By Spencer Moore. Longmans.

A drama of the later Roman Empire in four acts and an interlude, in which some liberties are taken with historical facts, but not greater than the usual license allows. It seems to us hardly up to the average of modern efforts in the same line, mediocre as these mostly are.

Sabin—When You Were a Boy. By Edwin L. Sabin. With fifty pictures by Frederic Dorr Steele. Baker, Taylor. \$1.50.

There are some books that even hardened reviewers do not give away. They are kept to add to their circulating library of "recent books recommended." Of such a nature is Mr. Sabin's delightful volume of sketches of boy life. Like Mrs. Gardiner's "Heart of a Girl" it is not meant for children (except grown ones). The difference between the two books is the difference between boys and girls, objective rather than subjective. The transitions of feeling and experience are not always nicely shaded, as they might be by the mechanical device of spaces or asterisks, but the literary jolts are pardonable when the true boyishness of the narrative is considered, e. g. the tale of a bent pin, and "speaking" in school. The illustrations are capital and add fully one half to the charm.

Saint Maur—A Self-Supporting Home. By Kate V. Saint Maur. Macmillan. \$1.75 net.

Divided into months, the whole work of a small farm is given, and it all seems very possible and delightful. Poultry and vegetables are the chief supports of this home, but the cow and the calf also receive attention, rabbits, cats, the family horse, the bee, and our friend the dog add variety, and the pictures make one feel that the country is really the right place to live in. The author's figures show that everything can be made profitable if properly managed.

Schermerhorn—House Hints. By C. E. Schermerhorn. House Hints Co. 50c.

If you wish to build, buy, improve, or rent a house you can make no better beginning than by laying hands on this little pamphlet on practical home building and equipping. The author has here discussed every essential detail pertaining to site, construction, plumbing, and furnishing, in a simple, direct, and unusually condensed manner. The text is planned in a fashion that makes individual details most accessible.

Seaman—The Real Triumph of Japan. By Louis Livingston Seaman, M.D., LL.D. Appleton. \$1.50.

Major Seaman expatiates further in this volume upon the same theme exploited by him in his former account of his experiences with the Japanese army—the success of the Japanese officials in preventing and curing disease. The reasons for this remarkable record are the simple, non-irritating food of the Japanese soldier, the obedience to orders of the surgeons invariably displayed, and the thorough preparation and constant vigilance of those in charge of the health of the army. Major Seaman considers this a greater victory than that won on the field of battle, and makes an earnest plea for similar measures in the American army. The points are all well made, and the book is deserving of more careful consideration than "From Tokio through Manchuria with the Japanese," as it enlarges upon the reasons for the statements made in that readable volume.

Spargo—The Bitter Cry of the Children. By John Spargo. Macmillan. \$1.50.

The author of this rather painfully interesting study brings many facts to show that a large proportion of the children of the poor suffer from actual physical hunger. The evil results of insufficient nutrition are, he points out, manifold. Rickets or rachitis is induced by under-feeding in a very large number of cases. The rickety child is an easy prey for other diseases of all kinds and has small chance of recovery from illness. Epilepsy and tuberculosis are especially likely to attack a sufferer from rickets, either in childhood or maturity. Not hospitals alone but prisons as well, declares Mr. Spargo, are filled with the victims of hunger. He considers food more important than sanitary conditions. Ignorance is, of course, in some cases responsible for improper feeding, but not, he thinks, so much so as poverty. Other evils, such as unhealthful employment, in the lives of poor children are also discussed. It may be that there is some exaggeration in the accounts of suffering, but the facts seem, for the most part, to be only too well attested.

Woods—Heredity in Royalty. By Frederick Adams Woods, M.D. Holt. \$3.00.

Dr. Woods adds an important link in the chain of evidence in support of the theories of Dr. Francis Galton. Dr. Galton, it will be remembered, has framed the law of heredity, which would make each child inherit one-half of his make-up from his parents, one-half the remaining half from his grandparents, one-half the remaining fourth from his great-grandparents, and so on indefinitely. To prove this by examples he has selected various persons of note in the world's history. Dr. Woods takes the royal families of Europe and traces the influences in each scion. By this method there can be no possibility of arbitrary selection of favorable examples of the heredity theory, and it is, also, easier to learn the pedigree of royal personages than of

others. The author considers both mental and moral power. He has ten grades of each and each subject is put in one of these, receiving the corresponding number; a man or woman may be in only the fourth grade morally, although mentally he belongs in the fifth. These numbers enable the author to arrive at mathematical deductions as to the force of the heredity law. After considering the characteristics of each family in turn, Dr. Woods takes up the correlative study of the results of his investigations. He finds that "there is a very distinct correlation in royalty between mental and moral qualities." Further, he believes that "heredity is almost the entire cause" for both, and that environment plays a very small part, probably none worth considering, in producing characteristics. Dr. Woods has made a valuable contribution to the heredity theories; but it would be easy to show the flaws in his system by which such extreme conclusions as his would be weakened.

POETRY AND VERSE

Coleridge—The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Edited, with a Memoir, by Ernest Hartley Coleridge. Imported by Scribner. \$1.50 net.

In this compact, well-printed volume of 1120 pages we have all the poems included in Murray's seven-volume edition of 1808-1904, with a memoir of fifty pages, all of Byron's own notes with a few trifling exceptions, and copious historical and explanatory notes by the editor. The entire work has been subjected to a fresh and thorough revision since the appearance of the larger edition, with special reference to orthography and punctuation.

The text of this edition was collated with the original manuscripts, so far as they were available, and may therefore be considered as final and authoritative. Here and there however, we meet with readings that are doubtful and perplexing. One of the most notable of these is in the 97th stanza of the second canto of "Childe Harold."

This is, we believe, the pointing of the early editions except that they have a semicolon at the end of the seventh line. Murray's "revised" text of 1884, if we may trust Tozer's Oxford edition of 1885, changes this semicolon to a mark of interrogation. Tozer explains 6 and 7 thus; "despite weariness (still), in the countenance, which they (Revel and Laughter) force to wear a cheerful aspect." On the following lines he remarks: "The construction is involved, but the meaning apparently is—'Revel and Laughter distort the cheek so as to fawn.'" Dr. W. J. Rolfe, in his edition of 1886, joins 6 and 7 to what follows, making "they" refer to "Smiles". He believes that this was the poet's intention, the semicolon after "pique" being used instead of a comma, as in repeated instances where there are several commas indicating minor subdivisions in the sentence. He has "changed scores of these semicolons to commas in order to make the pointing conform to the best usage of the present day."

(For list of books received see third page following.)

